The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* December *will be noticed in the* January *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th January *in the* February *number.*

News Notes.

We understand that "Linesman," the author of the brilliant book on the war recently published, is Captain Grant.

Mr. Hall Caine has signed a contract assigning his new novel to Mr. Heinemann as English publisher, and Messrs. Appleton as American publishers. The advance payment on account of royalties runs close to five figures. Mr. Hall Caine has not yet come to a decision as to the publication of his Life of Christ, and will probably visit Palestine before he issues it.

We hear that "The Hound of the Baskervilles" is likely to be a much longer story than was originally contemplated, and when the time comes to reissue it in book form, it will probably be published in the usual 6s. form in this country, and at $1.50 in America. Messrs. Newnes are the publishers here, and Messrs. McClure, Phillips and Co. in New York.

Messrs. Appleton have now in the press the first twelve volumes of the new subscription edition of the complete works of Dr. Conan Doyle. The edition promises to be a very sumptuous one, and will probably be a great success. We hear that arrangements are being made to publish a similar edition in this country.

Dr. S. Squire Sprigge, of the *Lancet*, has written an introduction or preface to the Autobiography of his old and intimate friend, the late Sir Walter Besant. Our readers will remember that Dr. Sprigge was the first secretary of the Society of Authors. He was also Sir Walter's companion when last he visited America.

ONE OF THE LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

"Prospero and Miranda." By Harry Watson. Royal Academy.

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.)

Mr. Baring Gould is again wintering in the South of France. He has recently completed the manuscript of a new novel, which will form one of the principal attractions in the *Quiver* during 1902.

Mr. Edgar Wallace is about to publish, as "unofficial dispatches," a volume of the letters and articles he has recently contributed to the *Daily Mail*. The volume will contain some additional new matter.

Miss Fowler's novel, "A Double Thread," has been dramatised, and will probably be produced at an early date.

We understand that a second edition of "Kim" is nearly ready, the first issue of 50,000 copies being practically exhausted. The sales show no signs of diminution. The book is also selling very rapidly in America.

Thirty thousand copies of "Count Hannibal" have already been called for, and the "Count" seems likely

From Photo by [*Elliott & Fry.*

THE LATE MISS KATE GREENAWAY,

Some of whose charming pictures are reproduced on another page with an appreciation by M. H. Spielmann.

to take precedence over "A Gentleman" as the most popular novel Mr. Weyman has yet written.

Another book which is having an enormous sale is the much talked of "Sir Richard Calmady." In this country the printers can scarcely keep up with the demand, and in New York it was amongst the five best selling books almost immediately after publication.

Miss Ellen Glasgow will have a new novel ready for publication in the early spring of next year.

Miss Beatrice Harraden is at present enjoying a brief holiday at Fowey, in Cornwall, which seems to be developing into quite a literary centre. Mr. Quiller-Couch ("Q") has had his home there for many years.

Mr. Bret Harte will have a new volume of short stories ready for publication in the spring. It is probable that he will also collect for publication in book form the "Condensed Novels" which he has recently contributed to some English and American periodicals.

Mr. Max Pemberton has written a series of short stories, which will appear at an early date in the *Illustrated London News*.

Mr. W. B. Yeats expects to have a new volume of essays ready for publication in the early part of the New Year.

Miss Marie Corelli, who has been lecturing for the Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh, received an interesting token of esteem. The Board of Directors presented her with a silver rose bowl. Mr. J. B. Sutherland, S.S.C., in making the presentation, recalled that a similar compliment was paid to Charles Dickens, a reference which delighted Miss Corelli, who was also very highly pleased by Mr. Sutherland pointing out that the ornamentation of the bowl was Italian, and the workmanship entirely Scotch.

Mr. T. W. H. Crosland is now engaged on the preparation of an anthology of light verse, which will be published under the title of "The Book of Humorous Verse." It is designed to do for the lighter muse what Mr. Quiller-Couch's "Oxford Book of English Verse" did for the serious. It will contain a large number of original pieces, and will, it is hoped, be the definitive anthology. Mr. Grant Richards will be the publisher.

The name of Mr. George Wyndham, the Irish Chief Secretary, must be added to the list of authors for the Christmas season. Many years ago he wrote for his little son "The Ballad of Mr. Rook," which will be issued shortly by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., with six large illustrations in colours by the Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham.

To a book, "By Allan Water: The True Story of an Old House," by Katherine Steuart, to be published shortly by Mr. Elliot, of Edinburgh, Professor Masson has written the following preface: "The plan of this work—that of telling the fortunes and descents of two families generation after generation, and of intertwining with these the events of the national history, the evolution of politics, and the gradual changes of social manners and habits—seems to me quite original. I know of no precedent for it. The width, and range, and exactness, and particularity of the knowledge of Scottish history displayed in the story strike me as extraordinary, and no less extraordinary, I think, is the imaginative skill with which the chain of the family biographies is connected at all points with the medium of historical matter and personages through which it is kept moving. . . . Here and there the interest is in the form of a kind of optical fascination, which is a rare thing to be able to say of any piece of narrative or description."

Mr. Ernest Vizetelly is engaged upon a historical

work which will be called "Blue Beard." It is an account of the careers of two gentlemen—one who is known as Comorre the Cursed, and the other Gilles De Rais. These individuals are supposed to have been the originals from which the traditional Blue Beard story was originated. The book, we understand, will be fully illustrated, and will be published in the early spring of next year by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

The same firm have in hand an India paper edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights."

"Helmet of Navarre" will go down to posterity as "the slayer of the great romantic fiction movement." "A story that covers just four days, wherein the boy hero does not sleep, eat, or rest, but only fights, might be supposed to satiate every desire for blood and battle. You cannot possibly do more with your hero than make him fight all the time; hence this achievement is unsurpassable."

Professor Sloane, whose famous "Napoleon" has just been issued in a magnificent new edition by Messrs. Macmillan, has written an important work on

ONE OF THE LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.
Hamlet and the King. By Frank O. Salisbury. Royal Academy.
(Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.)

This volume will be uniform with the edition of "Men and Books" just published by them.

The drawings at the foot of the three presentation plates in this number are reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black (Rob Roy), Messrs. Chapman and Hall (Mr. Pickwick), and Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. (Becky Sharp).

It is said in America that the public taste for fiction of "swashbuckler adventures and roaring heroics" is at last becoming surfeited, and that Miss Runkle's

the French Revolution and Religious Reform, which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will issue in the early spring. Professor Sloane traces in this work the influence of Ecclesiastical Legislation on affairs in France from 1789 to 1804. The volume will be read with great interest as an important contribution to the history of the Revolution and for the light it throws upon the recent expulsion of the French religious orders.

A biography of the famous American divine, Dr. John Hall, will be issued very shortly by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

OCTOBER 19TH TO NOVEMBER 20TH, 1901.

A very promising commencement of the season has been made during the past month, and a steady and well-sustained demand has been experienced for most classes of literature, the sales in several lines having been considerable. Towards the end, a slight tendency to slacken has been noticeable, but that is a regularly recurring feature at this time, and provides a breathing space before the rush of the Christmas trade.

The output of 6s. novels has lessened during the past few weeks, and no work of pre-eminent importance has appeared. The sales transacted have, however, in several instances been extensive and the orders numerous. It is rarely that so many works by authors of repute are issued in one season and the task of discrimination is thus necessarily difficult, but the most general favourites appear to be "Kim," "The Eternal City," "Marietta," "Herb of Grace," "History of Sir Richard Calmady," and "In Spite of All." "A Modern Antaeus," by the author of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters," and "The Shoes of Fortune," by Neil Munro, have also sold freely.

At 5s., "Captain Bluitt," by Max Adeler, has been very popular; and at 3s. 6d., "Light Freights," by W. W. Jacobs, continues to be the leading line.

There appears to have been a renewed interest in South African war literature, and the two most prominent works of the month have been the new edition of Conan Doyle's "History of the Great Boer War," and "Behind the Scenes in the Transvaal," by D. M. Wilson.

Biography has looked up considerably during the month, several works of great interest having appeared and been in steady request, notably, "R. L. Stevenson's Life," by Graham Balfour; Mrs. Bagot's "Links with the Past," Dean Hole's "Then and Now," and "Lady Sarah Lennox: Life and Letters." "Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, the Queen's Comrade," has sold well.

One of the successes of the month has been "What's What," a volume of a cyclopædic nature, by Harry Quilter.

With the elevation of Canon Gore to the Bishopric of Worcester came an increased demand for that already extensively circulated work, "The Body of Christ."

It is not often that dictionaries find their way into our reports, but the issue of the "Twentieth Century Dictionary," at 3s. 6d., has proved immensely popular.

The comic taste in children's gift-books has been well catered for, but the sales up to the present are not so great as in previous years.

Annual volumes are now moving briskly, more especially those of a juvenile nature, such as *Chatterbox*, *Sunday Reading for the Young*, *Children's Friend*, *Little Folks*, etc. The *Boy's Own Paper* and *Girl's Own Paper* still retain a wide circle of admirers.

Letts', Smith's, and Collins' Diaries are the leading lines in their class, but large orders have been executed in all kinds of Diaries, Almanacks, and Block Calendars.

It would appear by the sales of the first part that "Examples of Great Artists" is likely to prove as huge a success as "The Hundred Best Pictures," which, by the way, is now issued in volume form. "The Nation's Pictures" is still selling in large numbers.

Many of the well-known magazines are now on the market in their Christmas dress, and selling freely. The *Pall Mall Magazine*, *Harmsworth*, *Royal*, and *Pearson's* are much in request. "Living London," by G. R. Sims, is now constantly in demand.

There is an evident decline in the sales of the popular Christmas numbers, which have been such familiar objects for many years.

Sixpenny reprints continue to be much in request, and, it is to be feared, to the detriment of higher priced books. The public now expect the latest successes to be supplied in this form, and "The Eternal City" has already been asked for.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Marietta. By F. M. Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)
History of Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)
In Spite of All. By Edna Lyall. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Herb of Grace. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)
A Modern Antaeus. By the author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." 6s. (J. Murray.)
The Shoes of Fortune. By Neil Munro. 6s. (Isbister.)
New Canterbury Tales. By M. Hewlett. 6s. (Constable.)
Count Hannibal. By Stanley J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Captain Bluitt. By Max Adeler. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)
Light Freights. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)
The Body of Christ. By Rev. Charles Gore. 5s. net. (J. Murray.)
Twentieth Century Dictionary. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)
Stevenson's (R. L.) Life. By Graham Balfour. Two vols., 25s. net. (Methuen.)
Then and Now. By Dean Hole. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)
Links with the Past. By Mrs. Bagot. 16s. (E. Arnold.)
Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)
Chartreuse of Parma. By De Stendhal, 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
From a Middlesex Garden. By A. H. Hyatt. 7s. 6d. net. (Wellby.)
History of the Great Boer War. By A. Conan Doyle. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Behind the Scenes in the Transvaal. By D. M. Wilson. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)
Being and Doing. 2s. 6d. net. (E. Howell.)
What's What. By Harry Quilter. 6s. net. (Sonnenschein.)
Various Annual Volumes.
Almanacks, Diaries, and Block Calendars.
Blackie's Prize Books, 2s. 6d. to 5s.
Serials, especially Hundred Best Pictures, Examples of Great Artists, Nation's Pictures, and Living London.
Sixpenny Reprints.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Oct. 26—A brisk week in all departments.
Nov. 2—Very active in Home departments.
" 9—Still brisk in Home Trade. Foreign and Colonial very active.
" 16—Slightly slacker in the Home Trade, but fair average sales.

(2) SCOTLAND.

OCTOBER 21ST TO NOVEMBER 20TH, 1901.

The month under review is usually reckoned upon as the busiest of the whole year, but expectations were not realised. Although the output for the publishing houses was quite up to former years, there was on all hands uncertainty in buying and a marked lack of enterprise on the part of the retailers to stock for the Christmas season.

In Annuals, Annual Volumes, and Calendars a fair business was done, but there was a depressed feeling in regards to expectations of the sale of Christmas numbers, and these were sparingly bought.

Book sales, so far as 6s. works of fiction were concerned, consisted mostly of orders for Kipling's "Kim," Weyman's "Count Hannibal," Maclaren's "Young Barbarians," Munro's "Shoes of Fortune," Parker's "Right of Way," and Malet's "History of Sir Richard Calmady." A brisk demand was realised for "Light Freights," by W. W. Jacobs; and, on account of its local connection, the sales in Edinburgh of Rosaline Masson's work, "In Our Town," were considerable. A few war books were issued, and of these the one which attracted most attention and gained favourable press notices was "Words of an Eye-witness," by "Linesman." Good business was done with Chambers' "Twentieth Century Dictionary," and Quilter's "What's What," as a well-written and up-to-date handy cyclopædia, was reckoned a marvel of cheapness.

As usual at this season, quite a number of religious books were published, and of these the following obtained the readiest sale:—Dr. Matheson's "Times of Retirement," Black's "Culture and Restraint," Miller's "Ministry of Comfort," also the same author's booklet "To-day and To-morrow," and specially the Rev. G. H. Morrison's "Flood Tide." A very good sale was found for Mr. Grant Richard's "World's Classics"; and, of course, there was the usual seasonable demand for gift-books issued by Messrs. Blackie, Chambers, Nelson, and other competitors in this field of literature.

Thin-paper editions of standard works formed no inconsiderable part of the business done; and in the Warwick edition of George Eliot's novels, Nelson's "New Century Library," containing Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, etc., ample variety was provided for lovers of such handy and compact pocket-volumes.

In illustrated serial publications, Cassell's "Nation's Pictures" became very popular; Letts' "Examples of Great Artists" and the "Studio Library of English Water-Colours" found ready appreciation; and "The Connoisseur" maintained its circulation easily.

The following is our list of best selling books throughout the month:—

Six-shilling Novels.

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)
Count Hannibal. By Stanley Weyman. (Smith, Elder.)
Young Barbarians. By Ian Maclaren. (Hodder.)
Shoes of Fortune. By Neil Munro. (Isbister.)
Fiery Dawn. By M. E. Coleridge. (Arnold.)
Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. (Heinemann.)
Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. (Methuen.)
Nest of Linnets. By F. F. Moore. (Hutchinson.)
Herb of Grace. By R. N. Carey. (Macmillan.)
Benefactress, The. (Macmillan.)
In Our Town. By Rosaline Masson. (Hodder.)
In Spite of All. By Edna Lyall. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Miscellaneous.

Times of Retirement. By Dr. Matheson. 3s. 6d. (Nisbet.)
Flood Tide. By Rev. G. H. Morrison. 5s. (Hodder.)
Culture and Restraint. By Rev. Hugh Black. 6s. (Hodder.)
Letters from Life. By Claudius Clear. 6s. (Hodder.)
Ministry of Comfort. By Dr. Miller. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Words of an Eye-witness. By Linesman. 6s. (Blackwood.)
Diet. By Sir Henry Thompson. 2s. 6d. (Warne.)
Madge's Book of Cookery. 3s. 6d. (Marshall.)
Twentieth Century Dictionary. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)
What's What. By H. Quilter. 6s. net. (Sonnenschein.)
Tale of the Great Mutiny. By W. H. Fitchett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The World's Classics. 1s. net. (Richards.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

DECEMBER.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

December 5th.

LE CAMUS, E. (Bishop of La Rochelle).—The Children of Nazareth ..... *T. & T. Clark*
BARTLET, PROF. J. VERNON, M.A.—"Acts." Century Bible Series. 2/- & 3/- net ..... *T. C. & E. C. Jack*

December 6th.

MONKHOUSE, COSMO.—Chinese Porcelain, 30/- net ... *Cassell*

December 9th.

Church Directory and Almanac, The, 2/- & 3/- net *J. Nisbet & Co.*
WEBB-PEPLOE, REV. PREBENDARY.—Titles of Jehovah, 2/6 *J. Nisbet & Co.*
MOFFATT, JOHN, and ERNEST DRUCE.—Ray Farley, 6/- *T. Fisher Unwin*
HERTZ, GERALD B.—English Public Opinion after the Restoration, 3/6 net ..... *T. Fisher Unwin*
BUCKTON, A.—"Through Human Eyes," Poems, 3/6 net *Elkin Mathews*

December 10th.

LEIGH HUNT, J. H.—The Old Court Suburb. 2 Vols. Illustrated. 63/- net ..... *Freemantle*
TENNYSON, ALFRED LORD.—Poems. Illustrated. 2 Vols. 21/- net ..... *Freemantle*
MAXWELL, SIR HERBERT.—The House of Douglas. 2 Vols. 42/- net ..... *Freemantle*

December 13th.

CUST, LIONEL, M.A., F.S.A. (Editor).—National Portrait Gallery, £6 6s. net ..... *Cassell*

December 17th.

Who's Who? 5/- net ..... *A. & C. Black*
Englishwoman's Year Book, 2/6 net ..... *A. & C. Black*
GRAHAM, REV. H. GREY.—Scottish Men of Letters of the Eighteenth Century, 18/- ..... *A. & C. Black*

December 30th.

WELLS, H. G.—Certain Personal Matters, 1/- & 2/- *T. Fisher Unwin*
SCHMIDT, MAX.—Happy Go Lucky Land: England through German Glasses. 1/- ..... *T. Fisher Unwin*
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Blue Lilies, 6/- ..... *T. Fisher Unwin*

January 1st, 1902.

ALEXANDER, MRS.—The Yellow Fiend, 6/- ... *T. Fisher Unwin*
CALLAHAN, JAMES MORTON.—Cuba and International Relations, 12/6 net ..... *T. Fisher Unwin*
LATANE, JOHN H.—The Diplomatic Relations of the United States and Spanish America, 6/6 net ..... *T. Fisher Unwin*
HAYEN, CHARLES DOWNER.—Contemporary American Opinion of the French Revolution, 8/6 net *T. Fisher Unwin*
LEVASSEUR, E.—The American Workman, 12/6 net *T. Fisher Unwin*
PERKINS, F. MASON.—Giotto, 5/- net ..... *G. Bell & Sons*

January 4th.

BRENAN, GERALD.—The House of Percy, 42/- net *Freemantle*
PEAKE, PROF. A. S., M.A.—"Hebrews." Century Bible Series. 2/- & 3/- net ..... *T. C. & E. C. Jack*

Only books of which the date of publication can be given are included in the Booksellers' Diary.

Kate Greenaway.

AN APPRECIATION BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

*With reproductions from her charming pictures of child-life.**

IF we were called upon to judge of the merits of Miss Kate Greenaway by the ordinary critical canons of artistic achievement, technically considered, we should probably not place her on so high a pedestal as that which the public has erected to her honour. And were we to estimate her poems by the true standard of artistry, we should doubtless deny her a place even in the ranks of our minor poets. But even the most pedantic of those who warmly insist on technical accomplishment will not deny merit where genius has not been submitted to rigorous training, but, still half-untutored, has expressed itself with so much freshness, individuality, and charm as to captivate the peoples of many countries. Miss Greenaway knew her own powers and her own limitations: she made no attempt to overstep the borders of the little land she ruled as queen; but she recognised the extent of her authority, and exerted it in such sort that all who came within its reach rejoiced in her sway. Her art is to that of the ambitious picture painter as the glee and the carol are to the opera. Simple, exquisite, and dainty, it came home to all; it was within the comprehension of all; and child and parent and child-lover alike delighted in her pictures. and responded to the chord she touched with so loving a hand—her heart so pure and gentle, and her eye so quick to observe the beauties of childhood, so blind to faults and to defects.

There are few besides our babies and their guardians who have troubled to read her verses, for we have felt that her pictures needed no words of explanation, even from her. Besides, the poetry of the nursery, for its own sake, appeals to few. Yet it may be mentioned that Miss Greenaway took pride in her own little writings, and, from a simple love of independence, preferred to illustrate her own ideas rather than those of others. She had pictured Browning, she had collaborated with Bret Harte; but she preferred her liberty, as she herself has told me: and although she had no illusions about her literary capacity, her own little verses seemed to her more in harmony with her little pictures than the cleverest and daintiest words of other writers—of all, perhaps, except the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." But since poor "K. G." (as she was lovingly called in her own circle) was laid to rest I have read a series of her poems which were for the most part the outcome of her last months, when the shadow of death was over her. Some are written in pencil, with pictures sketched in, mostly sad and simply sweet, and I have been struck by their gentle charm and child-like fervour. There are faults of scansion, of rhythm, and even of rhyme; they are a little uncouth at times in lack of resource in expression, and although they are called "Sonnets" by the author there are but few that really are in sonnet form. Yet there is more sincerity in them than in many a finely executed poem—they spring up like daisies around the rose-tree of the gardener. To her the death of a little child—except perhaps its life—was the most pathetic thing in the whole world, and she thought and wrote of it as only the heart and brain of a Kate Greenaway could conceive it. It may be that these sweet little swan-songs may in due time be given to the world; the best of them are very good indeed.

As in all her work she was modest and retiring, so in her life. Kate Greenaway loved to live apart—almost a hermit's life—with her brother, in the large house Mr. Norman Shaw built for her, seeing but a few private friends. M. Arsène Alexandre has prettily observed that he firmly believes her to have been a fairy who did not dwell upon this globe at all, but only visited it from time to time for love of earthly children, just to leave another little book, and then to fly away again. But her friendships, though few, were firm. A dozen ladies, more or less, among whom were Lady Dorothy Nevill and Lady Jeune, and a few literary friends, among whom Mr. Ruskin, Lord Tennyson, and Mr. Locker-Lampson stand pre-eminent, had her confidence and affection. To the professor the simple, shy little lady was a constant delight—they knew and appreciated one another well—and he paid his tribute to her in "The Art of England" and in "Fors Clavigera." The correspondence was regular and frequent. Miss Greenaway would write to him each week, and often illustrated her text with sketches which filled him with delight, for the pretty rendering of healthy, innocent childhood, beautifully seen and daintily recorded, was the secret of their mutual

* We are indebted to Messrs. Warne and Co., the publishers of Kate Greenaway's works, for the loan of the pictures illustrating Mr. Spielmann's article. They were originally printed in colours.

sympathy; and her annual visits to Brantwood over a series of years were among the brightest recollections of her life. Among her earlier friends was Mr. Stacy Marks, R.A., who encouraged her to proceed along the path she had discovered for herself, when others, declaring she was wrong,

were loudly advising her to be more conventional in her art, and to suppress her own personality and individuality if she wanted to succeed.

Miss Kate Greenaway, who was a younger daughter of Mr. John Greenaway, the wood-engraver, began to draw seriously for publishers about the year 1869, when she was twenty-three years of age. She had received an artistic education at South Kensington, at Heatherley's, and at the newly-opened Slade School, and she had looked at Old Masters without, however, attempting to do much copying, or, indeed, any work in oil-colour. It was in 1870 that she began to keep accounts, so that it is only from that year I am able to speak with any degree of certainty. In 1871 or a little earlier she began her illustrations to Madame D'Aulnoy's Stories, for Cronheim. Mr. Greenaway was now in a leading position in the engraving establishment of the house of Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, and in 1873 Kate began her work for this firm, consisting chiefly of illustrations in *Little Folks*. In the same year she began work for Marcus Ward, drawing many designs for Christmas-cards, which achieved an extraordinary vogue. The overwhelming success that attended her work was the result, not only of the charm of her draughtsmanship, but even more of the quaintness of the costumes in which she dressed her little models. These dresses were not collected by her as artists were wont to do. Miss Greenaway's early youth—while she was still a delicate little thing—had been spent upon a farm in Northamptonshire, and there she had seen a survival of early costume which had long since disappeared from towns and villages around. With these in her mind when she became an artist, she plied her needle and filled wardrobes with frocks and bonnets, and jackets and frill-collars, and the like, which she had partly conjured up out of her memory, and partly invented, both as to pattern and design.

Kate Greenaway was now a fashion, and, accepting the public's verdict, she determined to try her own luck and produce a book of her own. Her father's friend, Mr. Edmund Evans, engraver and printer, undertook to produce her work in colour; and in 1879 "Under the Window" appeared and took the town by storm, not England and America only, but also France and Germany, for which special editions were prepared. The success was enormous; and the "Birthday Book" and "Mother Goose," in 1881, met also with a cordial reception, foreign editions being likewise published. In 1882 there followed "A Day in a Child's Life," with music by Mr. Myles B. Foster; in 1883, "Little Ann," written by Jane and Ann Taylor; and in 1884, "The Language of Flowers." "Kate Greenaway's Painting-Book" (1884) consisted mainly of blocks brought together from previous volumes; but "Mavor's English Spelling-Book," of the same year, was original in all respects, and was remarkable for the vastly improved character of the engraving. "Marigold Garden," a still more elaborate and successful production, followed in 1885; and in 1886, "An Apple-Pie"; in 1887, "The Queen of the Pirate Isle" (written by Bret Harte) and Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin"; in 1888, "Kate Greenaway's Book of Games"; in the following year, "The Royal Progress of King Pepito," written by Beatrice Cresswell; and in 1901, "The April Baby's Book of Tunes," with delightful text by Elizabeth of the German Garden. Besides, there must be mentioned the booklets, a long series of "Almanacs," from 1882 to 1897, with a break only in 1896. To Miss Greenaway's vast number of drawings and studies, pictures for exhibition, and portraits, and the like, I need not refer in detail; but when I say that these drawings and studies amount to thousands, the industry of the artist will more readily be appreciated.

For myself, I may perhaps be permitted to say that Kate Greenaway's friendship was among the most delightful of my life, for her character was as beautiful and as simple as her art—gentle, trustful, and sincere. I believe her to have been too artless and unaffected to have realised the significance of her extraordinary popularity in Europe and America, or to have appreciated to the full the very solid proof of it shown in the influence exerted by her on mothers in many countries outside the British Empire. The privacy she wished for in her lifetime was observed at her death; only a few friends attended in the chapel of the Cremation Society's Cemetery at Woking, on November 12th; fewer still on the day following, when the casket was quietly interred at Hampstead Cemetery. But the proofs were many that she was in a multitude of hearts on that day. There she will certainly remain enshrined, for successive generations of children bear her in affectionate memory. A name that has almost passed into the English language will surely not readily be forgotten, and when it is remembered it will be with gratitude and praise, warm and unstinted.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

New Books.

"LINESMAN." By Y. Y.

LETTERS OF JOHN RICHARD GREEN. By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

EREWHON AFTER THIRTY YEARS. By T. E. PAGE.

THE LAST OF BYRON'S LETTERS AND JOURNALS. By RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., LL.D.

"OUT OF THE NORTH LAND." By GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

DEAN HOLE'S REMINISCENCES. By WILLIAM CANTON.

MR. HARRY FURNISS CONFESSES. By M. H. SPIELMANN.

A FRESH TRIAL OF PICKWICK. By W. PETT RIDGE.

"BY THE WRITER OF 'AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS.'" By Mrs. E. C. COOK.

PROVOCATIONS BY H. G. WELLS. By J. E. HODDER WILLIAMS.

TWO SCOTTISH HISTORICAL ROMANCES. By WILLIAM WALLACE.

LET US BE EUROPEAN! By THOMAS SECCOMBE.

MISS MASSON'S NEW EDINBURGH NOVEL. By HARRIET REID.

Etc., etc., etc.

Q.'S NEW STORIES. By WILLIAM CANTON.

MR. BIRRELL'S NEW ESSAYS. By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

FENELON AT THE BAR OF HISTORY. By WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.

A NEW NOVELIST. By WILLIAM WALLACE.

SHAKESPEARE AND MUSIC. By EDWARD DOWDEN, D.C.L.

THE WAR OF THE CIVILISATIONS. By Rev. T. G. SELBY.

ROBERT BUCHANAN. By ANNIE MACDONELL.

"LINESMAN."*

Prejudice is the handmaid of investigation and sound judgment. His Lordship may nod upon the bench and dream curses on both your wordy houses, but Counsel is kept ever on the alert by a stab or a pinch at each strong point made by "the other side." You must have some working hypothesis; take prejudice, and enjoy the luxury of virtue by correcting it as you go on. That treat "Linesman" has just provided. Before me lies one of the cardboard book-markers which the publishers now insert in their works. On the one side, in red, are Press praises of the Eye-witness; on the other, in dolorous black, the hieroglyphic notes and reference I make while reading. At first mere sniffs, snorts and grunts; then grudging admissions and unwilling smiles; then eager comment and many a "*Macte virtute esto!*" (only in terser slang) for which red—nay, gold lettering were not good enough. "Linesman" has disarmed at least one enemy, conciliated one irreconcilable; this is my best tribute of praise.

But he did exasperate at first. The book-cover was too aggressive—the Preface might augur anything. The first article, that on "Our Soldiers," suggested Mr. Kipling in a milder mood, and opened with a sentence of fearful intricacy. And it was damned in my eyes by the repeated use of that odious nick-name "Tommy Atkins." The penny-a-liner thinks it vastly knowing—he knows no better; but I marvel that any gallant man, in or out of uniform, should condone this contemptuous disrespect to the honourable profession of arms. And mark, too, its far-reaching stupidity. Mr. Kipling's followers are good enough to reveal to us "*the* British soldier" as he is—his heart, his mind, his soul. And "Linesman" must do it, too. Rubbish! As if it were one, single, all-pervading soul, instead of a myriad! The insolent phrase means—and is meant to mean—a common herd of Helots, uniformed inside as well as out. No doubt the long-service system did tend to types such as the *vieux garde* and the Peninsular man; it is otherwise to-day. British soldiers are drawn from four or five nationalities, from fifty varying counties and districts—some from country, some from town life. In race, in instinct, in physique, in mental idiosyncrasy, in nurture, education, in the whole history of their previous experience and environment, surely they present not one soldier-soul, but many. And will two or three years of English—not Russian—discipline reduce these various freemen to one pattern? Why, each regiment is said to have its own traditions and opinions, especially about itself, and in each must be some silent dissenters. So when "Linesman," with all his observation and sympathy, tells us that the British soldier "does not desire glory," that he feels this, and does not feel that, and generalises and tabulates and dockets the soul of an army in approved orderly-room style, we reply, You would not so generalise the officers; them you understand, because you are one of them. It all comes of that odious phrase. Do, please, leave it off!

* "Words by an Eye-Witness. The Struggle in Natal." By "Line.man." 6s. (Blackwood and Sons.)

But the chapter closes with some thoughtful and convincing criticism on the good and bad military points of our soldiers, and then follow nine articles on the Natal campaign. Civilians who understand, or pretend to understand, battles will revel in them. I do not; and, after diligent reading, retain only an impression of the hideous noise and profligate waste of ammunition. Still they are far above the level of War Correspondence, which nothing can convince me is not all concocted out of short telegrams by Specials "at the front" of their respective fires in the purlieus of Fleet Street. From them we gather nothing about this cryptic war; the privates' letters in local journals are infinitely better, but not comprehensive enough; officers like "Linesman" may hint a good deal of the truth, but are not allowed to speak out. By following up some of these hints we might stir up a fine pack of sleeping dogs, had we space for mischief.

The remaining papers, save the last, which is too ambitious and overwrought, have peculiar merit. "Marooned" gives a wonderful impression of one phase of military operations, and that by its sustained atmosphere and local colour, and by its inspired selection of details. The "Passing of a Nation," a study of the Boers, seems, however, the most important and weighty, rich in clear observation, sound reflection, and original expression. Distrusting the noisy and conflicting oracles, one has had to evolve one's own opinions on the disputed questions of this war by the light of nature. In most cases the Eye-witness confirms them. Thus, we had to evolve the Boers from our knowledge of the original Dutch character, of the natural effects upon that character of their history, their religion, their climatic, political, social, and economic environment. The Eye-witness endorses our obvious conceptions of a most interesting retrograde civilisation—and, of course, we believe him. But on page 279 he seems inconsistent, and the answer to his problem at 281 is, Pure accident!

"Linesman's" style is unequal, probably as yet unsettled. Sometimes the Kipling influence predominates; in the battle pieces the Pelion-on-Ossa piling, the frantic word-twisting, the confusing allusiveness, and the slang of the War Correspondent. Oh! to read the history of these encounters as dear old Crusoe would have described them—plainly, soberly, but how humanly! But at his best "Linesman" betrays the spell of Carlyle, wherein I for one shall not chide him. It is well to have got beyond the Carlyle stage; it is ill for our younger men never to have passed through it. And here and there he has the quaintest little turns of thought and phrase—as genuine as the old Seer's chuckles, but of more mellow music. Sometimes he rises to passages of just and powerful thought, and of elevated, judicious, and attractive diction. In these he is probably himself—shows what he could and will do by what he has done amid the confusion and distractions of a camp. Cæsar may have touched up his Commentaries afterwards; here the dates preclude the suspicion. From his habit of thought and his literary sympathy and cultivation, I fancy the writer must be some young academical prizeman who has found his way into the Army, through the Yeomanry. Anyhow, I hope they will soon make

him a General, or a Governor or Commissioner, or something, so that we may read his collected Despatches. He will describe so well, and will have done so much worth describing. Y. Y.

LETTERS OF JOHN RICHARD GREEN.*

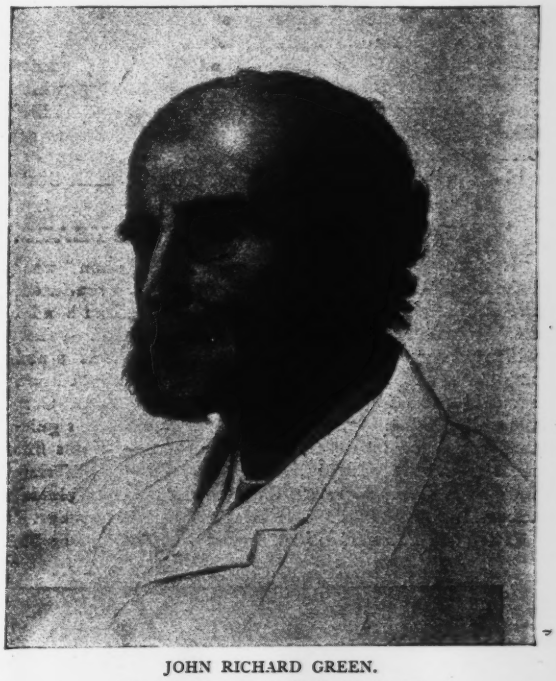
If the extensive method of biography now in fashion be taken for granted as the best, nothing remains but to congratulate Mr. Leslie Stephen on a tactful performance and a pleasing exhibition of the art of self-effacement. In my single opinion the whole thing is a monstrosity. Green was a delightful man, his History a delightful work, and his life exemplary in its gentleness and high, bright courage. But he did not happen to be a letter-writer, and here are some 450 pages to prove what might have been stated in half a dozen words. Whatever else they contain of instruction might have been extracted by a hand so skilful as Mr. Leslie Stephen's, and in place of a respectable but somewhat dull book, we should have had a piece of real literature in 150 or 200 pages. Mr. Stephen's narrative assures us of this, though he uses it but to tie (so to speak) the bundles of letters together. It is vain to protest. We are all the slaves, just now, of the silliest convention that ever ruined an art. For biography was an art, and Green's letters bear the same relation to the true "Life of Green" as a well-selected pile of stones to the building for which they were carted.

It may seem cruel to choose a book of letters so unpretentious as Green's for an opportunity to raise a general lament. But, in truth, Green was just the man to suffer by this sort of handling. He seems (in common with many good men) to have loathed letter-writing; he was, to tell the truth, a poor hand at it. In all this collection the letters to the Misses von Glehn are the only ones which seem to have been written for the pleasure of writing; and of these only one—or rather an extract from one prompted by the loss of his dear friend, Mrs. Ward (mother of Mr. Humphry Ward, and wife of his first vicar)—can be called excellent. The rest are the work of a man who sat down, as we all must, to ask or answer questions of his distant friends, and took no delight in the task itself. Doubtless his character and a great deal of his charm can be collected by a skilful use of the sieve. But doubtless also Mr. Stephen was capable of sifting them out.

Here, for instance, in a letter to his friend Mr. (now Professor) Boyd Dawkins, is a passage which no biographer would dream of omitting, for it tells us in brief how the "Short History" came to be written:

"You know perhaps that my earliest project in the department of history was that which Dean Hook has since carried out—a series of lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury. . . . I left Oxford with the full purpose of becoming the historian of the Church of England. Few, I felt, were more fitted, by the historical tendency, the predominant feeling of reverence, the moderation, even the want of logic or enthusiasm in their minds, for the task of describing a Church founded in the past, yet capable of wondrous adaptation to the needs of the present, the creature of repeated compromises, essentially sober yet essentially illogical. The prospect widened as I read and thought. On the one hand I could not fetter down the word 'Church' to any particular branch of the Christian communion in England; after the Reformation, therefore, all historical unity would have been gone, though throughout the hubbub of warring sects an ideal unity might still have been sought and found. On the other, I could not describe the Church from the purely external and formal point of view taken by the general class of ecclesiastical historian; its history was, with me, the narrative of Christian civilisation. And to arrive at a knowledge of this, it was necessary to know thoroughly the civil history of the periods which I passed through; to investigate the progress of thought, of religion, of liberty, even the material progress of England. No existing history helped me; rather, I have been struck with the utter blindness of all and every one to the real subjects which they profess to treat—the national growth and development of our country. I should then have had to *discover* the History of England, only after my investigations to throw them aside and confine myself to a narrower subject . . ."

This was written on September 11th, 1862, and on the 12th he records in his diary: "Yesterday I resolved to abandon the more limited subject which I had chosen as my theme, and to become the historian of England. . . . I pray God, in whose name and to whose glory I undertake this work, to grant me, above all, the earnest love and patient toil after historical truth." The "Short History" did not appear until 1874, and in the meanwhile Green had abandoned his clerical career and, more gradually, his clerical outlook. It would be difficult to discover from internal evidence that the "Short History" had been fertilised by the ashes of any such enterprise as a History of the Archbishops of Canterbury. But the change was an organic change, answering to a vital change in the man. His love of truth—an earnest, even a passionate love—worked it slowly into its final shape, and in the end Green had not only written a great book, but had found greatness. The earlier letters of this volume, though bright and honest, suggest a man astray. His boyhood in Oxford had not been a happy one, his career at Jesus College was no great success, his labours in London parishes, though conscientious, have no intensity of aim. But when we come to the "Short History" we are dealing with a man whom devotion has lifted into greatness, and his heroic end brings no astonishment, but is simply felt to be worthy of him.



JOHN RICHARD GREEN.
From the Drawing by Frederick Sandys.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

He took endless pains with the book, and the judgments of his friends to whom from time to time he showed the MS. were by no means uniformly encouraging. They thought that, having written so much for the *Saturday Review*, he had fatally contracted the style of that journal—fatally, that is to say, for a historian. "He gave up the *Saturday Review*, though he could ill spare the loss, to master the task; and revised and corrected until his friends at last complained that he was too fastidious, and induced him to bring out the book." They had in their minds a manual for schools; they thought (as Freeman put it) that it might be useful to those who already knew history, but would not provide the ignorant with elementary knowledge—and so on. They did not see, in short, that here was a history which, though travelling over a road which hundreds had travelled, was yet that rarest of things, a thoroughly new book.

Faults it had, of course. Two articles in *Fraser's Magazine* (September and December, 1875) piled up a long list of superficial errors, and suggested that Green was a superficial writer. Mr. Morley, to whom the first article had been offered for the *Fortnightly*, showed his usual good sense by returning it to the critic with the suggestion that instead of publishing it as a criticism, he ought to send it to Green as a useful list of corrections for his next edition. As in most books written with a man's life-blood, that which preponderated in boyhood preponderates yet. Mercia and Oxford hold a place they would not have held in the work of a man not

* "Letters of John Richard Green." Edited by Leslie Stephen. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

born and bred in Oxford. But who will not forgive that prominence for the sake of his chapter on "The Universities in the reign of John"?—a chapter which so entranced me in boyhood that even now I can hardly read it without tears for the wonderful visions it conjured up. Before Green wrote, boys had read of Hastings and Creçy; but what boy had read of Edmund Rich?—

"His mother was a pious woman of the day, too poor to give her boy much outfit beyond the hair shirt that he promised to wear every Wednesday; but Edmund was no poorer than his neighbours. He plunged at once into the nobler life of the place [Oxford], its ardour for knowledge, its mystical piety. 'Secretly,' perhaps at eventide when the shadows were gathering in the church of St. Mary's, and the crowd of teachers and students had left its aisles, the boy stood before an image of the Virgin, and placing a ring of gold upon its finger took Mary for his bride."

Sweet of nature Green had always been, and wise in his simplicity (read the gentle reproof of Freeman on pp. 253-4 for his club-headed attacks on Froude and Kingsley, "There are blunders of taste as well as blunders of fact, you know!"), but the "Short History," and the happy marriage which followed it, set a seal of more than success on his short life. He died too soon; because he felt that he had more to say, he died hard; and, in his own words, he "died learning."

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

EREWHON AFTER THIRTY YEARS.*

It is now almost thirty years since "Erewhon" was published. Since then it has been several times reprinted, and the author states that he still finds it on second-hand bookstalls, marked "6d., very readable": but to the generation which has grown up since its appearance it is practically unknown, and it is to be hoped that this new edition will secure for it a fresh and well-merited popularity. Certainly those who in their youth visited, under Mr. Butler's guidance, that realm of topsy-turvydom, where magistrates fine for measles and the family physician prescribes for pilfering, will be glad not only to renew their memories of so pleasant an excursion, but to join Mr. Butler in his second voyage.

They will find that the country still contains some hitherto

MR. SAMUEL BUTLER.

From a photograph specially taken for this number by Russell & Sons.

undescribed curiosities. "The College of Spiritual Athletics," for example, would alone justify the expenditure of six shillings in order to "revisit" Erewhon. At that institution a man can "try his moral strength" and have "every kind of ordinary temptation provided on the shortest notice." If he wishes to learn whether "his composure stands in need of further development or no," by placing a penny in the slot he can secure "a jet of fine pepper, flour, or brickdust thrown on to his face"; if he is doubtful of his powers of domestic endurance, "Mrs. Tantrums, Nagger" will supply "ordinary nagging" for "two shillings and sixpence per hour—hysterics extra"; while, should he be going out to dinner, "Professor Proser, certificated bore, with or without anecdotes," is there to teach him how to suffer fools gladly. Then from this interesting college the visitor can pass to the "Deformatory" for boys, and hear from the Principal, "a beaming, dapper-looking, little old gentleman," how, in accordance with the last minute of "the Grand Council of Education," the sound principle that "we should aim at promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number," is put into practice as an instrument of school discipline. Afterwards he can call upon Dr. Downie, "Professor of Logomachy, and, perhaps, the most subtle dialectician in Erewhon, who could say nothing in more words than any man of his generation," while he had earned so "high a reputation for sobriety of judgment by resolutely refusing to have definite views on any subject . . . that while still young he had been appointed to the lucrative post of Thinker in Ordinary to the Royal Family."

Though Erewhon, however, thus still retains many of its peculiarities, those who "revisit" it to-day must be prepared for a shock. They will remember that when Mr. Higgs—the hero of the original narrative—effected his escape from the country, he did so by means of a balloon, which he was allowed to construct on the plea of visiting the air-god, in order to prevail on him "at a personal interview" to stop a serious drought by sending rain. When he returns, after an interval of twenty years, he finds to his amazement that he has been deified as "the Sunchild." Beneficent rains had, it appears, immediately followed his departure, and the Managers of the "Musical Banks" (the Churches of Erewhon), whose credit was at the time very poor, had taken advantage of the popular excitement which he had created to give their religion a new start by asserting that he had returned to heaven in the chariot of his Father the Sun, after communicating to them his divine teaching. A new era was consequently dated from the time of his ascension; his sayings—emended and interpreted by the Managers and Professors—were collected into a sacred volume, and on his return he found that he had arrived just in time to assist at the dedication of a splendid temple to himself. The situation thus created is certainly novel. Men have been known to look forward to canonisation, but the process of being deified must always be trying. Even a grim soldier like the Emperor Vespasian appreciated its oddity, and his dying words, *Væ! puto, Deus fio*, are, perhaps, the tersest and best bit of satire in the world. But Mr. Higgs has to sit through a whole sermon demonstrating his divinity, with the added pleasure of knowing that Professor Hanky, the preacher, is fully aware of his identity, has his eye upon him, and is quite prepared to have him burned as a blasphemer if he ventures to reveal himself. To depict such a scene, and to describe the feelings of the victim of apotheosis, is a task worthy of a master hand; but Mr. Butler is equal to the task. Alike in imagination and execution he here shows himself a great artist.

It would be easy to fill a column with witty sayings from his new volume, but it is unfair to spoil the reader's relish for a good work by picking out the plums, and a word must be said about its chief characteristic. One of the great charms of "Erewhon" lay in its deliberate absence of purpose. It was frank fooling, and had, as its author observes, no "central idea." On the other hand, "Erewhon Revisited" is dominated by a clear intention, and consequently much of its wit becomes satire, the object of that satire being dogmatic theology. The doctrine, for instance, of the Ascension, as it is stated in a materialistic shape in the Fourth Article, the writer clearly regards as an incredible fiction, while those who profess to assert its truth participate in a more or less conscious fraud.

If, indeed, the motto which he places on the title-page is to be accepted, he ought to loathe such men with a great loathing. "Him do I hate, even as I hate Hell fire, who says one

* "Erewhon," New and Revised Edition, and "Erewhon Revisited." By Samuel Butler. 6s. each. (Grant Richards.)

XUM

thing and hides another in his heart," is how the motto runs (although the Homeric original more modestly gives, "as I hate the gates of the grave"); but, oddly enough, Mr. Butler elsewhere describes himself as agreeing with "the more advanced wing of the English Broad Church," and also as assenting to the view that miraculous stories may, though false, be used "as a peg on which to hang the best ethical and spiritual conceptions," because "a corrupt church is better than none at all." Such amiable inconsistency may, however, well be overlooked; nor will the reader be displeased to find that the author's satire, instead of recalling the bitterness and *Sæva Indignatio* of Swift, is, however pungent, for the most part kindly. It is the satire of a man who, as he grows old, finds that the riddle of existence is not so simple as he has been taught, but who has a lingering fondness for tenets which he can no longer accept and for teachers he can no longer look up to. There are myriads of such men in the world, and it is, perhaps, the saddest circumstance of our day that "the Managers of the Musical Banks" seem scarcely to recognise their existence. It would be a happy thing if they could be brought to see how much seriousness, and even how much sadness, underlies Mr. Butler's "Democritean laughter."

T. E. PAGE.

THE LAST OF BYRON'S LETTERS AND JOURNALS.*

The sixth volume of Byron's prose writings concludes one of the most attractive collections of letters and journals in the language, and one of the best edited works that our literature possesses. That the contents of this particular volume are not quite so notable as those of some of its predecessors arises in part from Byron's removal from Italy to the then less interesting sphere of Greece, and partly from his strained relations with his publisher. Byron was never so thoroughly at home as when writing to Murray, and the circumstance that this period, as far as Albemarle Street is concerned, yields little but short, ill-tempered, scolding letters, detracts much from the interest of the correspondence. There is, however, no lack of entertainment in other quarters, although Byron's remoteness from England during the last eight months of his life tends to limit both the number and the value of his communications. At the time of his death the Greek enterprise was not sufficiently mature to give him much scope for expressing himself. Had he survived, we should have had a body of letters exhibiting him, as we fully believe, to great advantage as a man of affairs. He always appears at his best when corresponding with dependents, when the demon of morbid vanity is asleep, and nothing interferes with the natural kindness and considerateness of his disposition.

One of the most interesting of the additions is a letter from Byron to the elder Disraeli, published by the latter, but not, we suppose, hitherto incorporated with Byron's writings. In it Byron actually hints that Disraeli might drop in upon Murray and take a look at the MS. memoirs, from which we can only infer that he did not mean their publication to be entirely posthumous. Had Disraeli accepted the invitation and been allowed access (which is most dubious), the world would have known more about them than it has been able to extract from Moore or Hobhouse.

Another addition of interest is the beginning of a satirical attack on Wordsworth which Byron began to write, but, fortunately for his reputation, did not finish. In the main he shows to more advantage than his opponents in his controversies with the Lake Poets. It is impossible not to feel that their diatribes are to a great extent inspired by sheer envy, a feeling which Byron's popularity precluded him from entertaining, and to which he does not seem to have been prone in any case. Southey's overweening estimate of his own ability to contend with such an antagonist keeps one continually divided between compassion and amusement. "One word of advice to Lord Byron," he says, "before I conclude. When he attacks me again, let it be in rhyme." And Byron has "The Vision of Judgment" up his sleeve at the very time! Mr. Prothero remarks upon the paucity of references to Byron in Southey's correspondence as edited by his son; but he might have found several in the letters published by the Rev. J. W. Warter, though only one is of much interest. "Lord Byron's commendations [of "Roderick"]," says Southey, in a letter to Wynn, of December 12th, 1814, "are repeated to me from all quarters. I regard them precisely as I did his condemnation of 'Madoc'; the one opinion just serves to show the worthlessness of the other; for if one of these poems be bad, it is quite impossible that the other can be good." Evidently Southey was not to be placated. It further appears from this correspondence that it was from Wynn that he heard of Byron's dedication of "Don Juan."

* "The Works of Lord Byron." A new, revised, and enlarged edition. Letters and Journals. Vol. VI. Edited by Rowland E. Prothero. 6s. (John Murray.)

ONE OF THE LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.
"The Goose Girl" ("Grimm's Fairy Tales"). By E. Reginald Frampton. Royal Institute.
(Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.)

The only other instance of incomplete information which we have remarked is in the notice of Medwin on p. 201, from which it might be inferred that his Life of Shelley was published in 1833. The little memoir bearing that date is only the precursor of the fuller, though still miserably defective, biography published in 1847.

Among additions to the correspondence may be named some early letters from abroad to Byron's man of business, Hanson, printed from the Egerton MSS. in the British Museum. The archives of Florence have yielded reports concerning Byron's residence at Pisa from an Italian spy named Torelli, who considers that "if he had not the reputation of being mad, he ought to be watched by all the police of Europe." This worthy's account of the affray with the dragoon is drawn up in the most malignant spirit, and makes the most ludicrous confusion between Shelley and Captain Hay. It appears that the Italian novelist and publicist,

Guerazzi, then a mere boy, was a witness of this affair. Writing of it half a century afterwards, he says: "I also saw—and the impression which it made on me was lasting—all the English inhabitants of Pisa, whether they were Byron's friends or not, gather armed to defend the palace of their great national poet. I thought, if he had been an Italian, his fellow-countrymen would have assembled to stone him; and then I began to understand why the English are a great nation, and why the Italians are—— "

But, differing from Signor Guerazzi's estimate of his countrymen, we omit it, and confine ourselves to hoping that our own may always continue to be in this respect what they were in the time of Byron.

Among the illustrations to the volume are Phillips's portrait of Byron, the most pleasing of any; and one of Trelawny, after a mezzo-tint, apparently intended to convey "the dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft," but with the savage uppermost. RICHARD GARNETT.

"OUT OF THE NORTH LAND."*

I have had a great deal of pleasure in reading "The Man from Glengarry." I will not say that all parts of the book gave me equal satisfaction, or that I think the construction and the characterisation are very well done. Mr. Connor has sentiment, feeling, right-mindedness, and an eye for dramatic effect; one thing, however, he has not learned, and that is how to select those things which are salient—scenes and incidents which present his characters in a revealing light. There is in real life a vast deal of monotony and repetition, of unrevealing commonplaceness; but if all were to be presented, the written history of any one man would be endless. It is here where Mr. Connor breaks down. I do not recognise his Ranald Macdonald after he has travelled through the four hundred and seventy-three pages of the book, as a consistent development of the boy who made his oath of vengeance as set forth on page 38.

Yet, with what force and graphic quality are the first forty-one pages of the book written! I have seldom read anything that has given me a greater thrill than the story of the fight between Macdonald's gang and Murphy's gang on the Scotch River. Also, I have seldom been attracted to characters more than to the two Macdonalds, Macdonald Bhain and Black Hugh.

And here is the point where Mr. Connor and I fall apart. His presentation in those first few pages of the two grim Scotsmen, with their iron prejudices and dour purposes, were so well done that I looked forward with delight to reading the whole of the book; but these admirable figures disappear, to no end or purpose that I can see, and an attempt is made to concentrate interest on Ranald, son of Macdonald Bhain, and his love story and religious life. I confess it does not appeal to me. But I have read with unvarying satisfaction the descriptions of life in the back-woods and on the rivers, which I know to be true—to be lifted out of the place where they be, and set forth for us with a sensitive and friendly hand.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF "RALPH CONNOR."

If Mr. Connor will study the thing that is essential and reject the thing that is obtrusive and unrevealing, he may win laurels of a different sort from those which a book like this may give him. His brief and unconsidered sketch of the Scotch minister in the back-woods is worth the whole of the love story. I will not speak of the good-feeling that pervades this book; I will only say that Mr. Ralph Connor has a quality which will make appeal to many people. GILBERT PARKER.

* "The Man from Glengarry." 6s. By Ralph Connor. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

From Photo by DEAN HOLE. *[A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

DEAN HOLE'S REMINISCENCES.*

In the reminiscences of an octogenarian one anticipates that sunshine on the past which makes the eyes water and prompts a sigh for "the good old times"; but in Dean Hole's case such an attitude is sympathy thrown away. There never was a writer who had a more meagre claim to the distinction of a *laudator temporis acti.* In his eighty-second year, he has the alertness and adaptability of Khidder the Ever-young, though it must be admitted that he has not yet taken the motor-car to his business and bosom. May one speculate, without impertinence, that rose-culture accounts for this happy state of things? Since the first roses blossomed from the faggots burning round the innocent Jewish maiden, never have roses been in better case than they are now; and that fact may have facilitated the conviction that in many, if not most, other respects we have made substantial progress during the last sixty years. In these pleasant and gossipy pages, touched with a scholarly grace which has grown rare, and enlivened with witty allusions, good stories, and apt illustrations, the Dean of Rochester does not of intent set himself to "reminisce"; it is but in the nature of

* "Then and Now." By Dean Hole. 16s. net. (Hutchinson and Co.)

things that in discussing nurses and babies, gentlemen and gentlewomen, betting and gambling, games and sports, teetotallers, preaching, cycling, books, and various other matters, the contrast between Then and Now should emphasise itself. Apart from the piquant suggestiveness of this recurrent contrast, the geniality and tolerance of the writer give these desultory chapters a peculiar personal charm.

WILLIAM CANTON.

MR. HARRY FURNISS CONFESSES.*

In two fine, portly volumes, with about 400 clever drawings and sketches, and half as many anecdotes and jokes, Mr. Harry Furniss tells the story of his life, as far as it has gone; he explicitly promises us more volumes as his adventures proceed. He has started, therefore, a sort of bicentennial publication, and we can only await the future numbers with relish and impatience. Mr. Furniss is a journalist, artist, caricaturist, humorist, lecturer, observer, raconteur, and born fighter; always sprightly, energetic, resourceful, amusing; hitting out merrily, or otherwise, as circumstances seem to require; the friend of most, the enemy of a few; hot as a politician, warm as a friend, and on occasion cool as a cucumber. He has been a "special," a cartoonist, an editor, a *Punch* man, a critic, an illustrator, a gallery-man, a newspaper proprietor and editor, a sportsman, a defendant. He knows most people, and has treasured up anecdotes about the rest, stories which he gives with verve and colloquial freedom. He calls his reminiscences "confessions," and pours into our ears a stream of recollections which are usually funny, sometimes serious, occasionally important, and always entertaining. He is often piquant, too, when—quite unconsciously, of course—he treads (never so lightly) upon corns of various nationalities, and challenges opinions with the emphasis of a man who feels strongly. There is no need to sample the contents of the book. But *Punch*, it may be said, occupies a long chapter, with the true history of Mr. Furniss's connection with and resignation from that journal; "Parliamentary Confessions," among other things, deals with the *fracas* with Mr. Swift McNeill; another chapter tells us the story of the equally silly but equally talked-of action of "Sala *v.* Furniss"; another of the Police *v.* the Dashing Equestrian; and yet another of the rise and success of *Lika Joka* and the disastrous downfall of the *New Budget*. There is the ring of truth in them all; and if they *are* a bit egotistical, what else should an autobiography be? George Augustus Sala told the present writer that a correspondent once wrote that he had just read in the *Illustrated London News* the usual column of "Echoes of the Week," "with its confounded 'I, I, I, I, I, I, I.' Please understand, Sir, that we are all sick of You, You, You, You, You, *You!*" It is impossible, however, to be sick of Mr. Furniss and his bright and clever personality, his lively temper and his warm heart, his brilliant pencil and his fluent, sometimes caustic, and often dramatic pen—with all the scenes, in and out of Parliament, which he describes, all the jokes, and comic pictures. He has interviewed himself as man was seldom interviewed before, so that his "Confessions" are not only "of a Caricaturist," but of a very wide-awake artist and of a popular man of the world.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

* "The Confessions of a Caricaturist." By Harry Furniss. Illustrated. In two volumes. 32s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

A FRESH TRIAL OF PICKWICK.*

This is a small volume of 116 pages (those who were artful enough to send in their names before its publication have secured it for six shillings), and a circular accompanying the book offers to save labour to the critic by declaring that it "presents a curious and interesting picture of bygone manners and customs that have completely passed away." In point of fact, it presents nothing but a curious and interesting picture of the kind of commentator who has not yet passed away; the commentator who labours at the obvious, who discloses the notorious fact, who does his best and worst to mar the original story and spoil it in the re-telling. The editor ("sometime Crown Prosecutor on the North-east Circuit, Ireland") says that Boz, whom he neatly terms "the engenderer of these facetiæ," was one of the most brilliant, capable young

DISRAELI'S LAST VISIT TO THE HOUSE.
(Reproduced from Mr. Harry Furniss's new book by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

fellows of his generation (a verdict that one might have thought had been already pronounced); he adds as a testimonial that Charles Dickens always won "the hearty commendation of his employers for his zeal and energy." This is the kind of comment that makes one desire to close the book and aim it straight, only that the commentator is never present when he is wanted. Page after page is filled with verbatim extracts from "Pickwick," broken up with occasional shrewd touches by the editor. As for instance:

"'No, my lord, only Nathaniel, not Daniel at all.'
"'What did you tell me it was Daniel for then, sir?'
"'I didn't, my lord!'
"'You did, sir. How could I have got Nathaniel on my notes, unless you told me so, sir?'"

On which the editor's sage comment is: "How admirable is this. The sly satire goes deeper, as judges, under less gross conditions, have often made this illogical appeal to 'my notes.'" That a Crown Prosecutor on the North-east Circuit, Ireland, has no more illumination to offer than this almost makes one wish that one had been prosecuted by him in the

* "Bardell v. Pickwick." By Percy Fitzgerald. 6s. (Elliot Stock.)

MR. FURNISS'S FAMOUS GLADSTONE CARICATURE.
(Reproduced from "Confessions of a Caricaturist," by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

course of his legal career. It will be remembered that one of the jurymen in Bardell *v.* Pickwick claimed exemption on the grounds that he, being a chemist, had left his shop in charge of a boy who thought that Epsom salts meant oxalic acid. On this casual incident the editor brings all his powers of investigation.

"Henry Russell, composer and singer of 'The Ivy Green,' was," says the editor, "when a youth, apprenticed to a chemist, and when about ten years old was left in charge of the shop. He discovered just in time that he had served a customer who had asked for Epson salts with poison enough to kill fifty people. On this he gave up the profession. I have little doubt that he told this story to his friend a dozen years later, and that it was on Boz's mind when he wrote. Epsom salts," adds the editor, rubbing in the fact determinedly, "was the drug mentioned in both instances." As though it mattered! As though even the smallest incident could not come to Dickens's mind and to Dickens's invention unless it were carefully tacked there by informative friends! As though—but the reviewer's pen becomes heated and the ink refuses to run.

The editor himself claims to be responsible for one sentence used by Mr. Winkle, who, when asked as to his knowledge of Mrs. Bardell, replied that "he did not know her, but that he had seen her." "I recall," writes the editor, "making this very answer to Boz when we were both driving through Sackville Street, Dublin. He had asked, 'Did I know So-and-so?' when I promptly replied, 'I don't know him, but I have seen him.'" Thus is pilloried the writer who dares to steal from his friends prompt and brilliant repartees.

Quotations from the trial are repeated in several cases; the casual reference by Mr. Winkle to the Ipswich incident is made excuse for the introduction of nine pages giving a verbatim extract from the chapter which recounts the Great White Horse Inn affair. Twice the editor remarks, in this connection, that there are two kinds of bad witnesses, a reluctant witness and a too willing witness. "Both commit themselves," says the editor in a confused, maddening sentence, "both commit themselves in each case, but in different ways." There is a temptation to adapt this comment in reviewing the present volume, but to do so might appear unkind, and this is an attitude that one does not care to adopt.

W. PETT RIDGE.

"BY THE WRITER OF 'AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS.'"*

The style of "A Modern Antæus" proclaims it sufficiently by the same hand as the "Letters"; no second author writes precisely in this manner. The new work is planned on more ambitious and intricate lines. Though somewhat overpowering in style and construction, there can be no doubt about its genuine ability; it is full of poetry as well as of power. The old Greek myth is the dominant thread that runs through the story. The analogy, as in most allegories, fails occasionally; it cannot be held to be entirely convincing, neither can it be said that the author's flights are always easy to follow. That author (must we still be strictly neutral as to sex?) entangles a difficult story in still greater entanglement of words, till of a truth it suggests too much a conundrum. This, however, is a favourite modern tendency. We have, indeed, our doubts, in the present instance, whether, if the ordinary sane, practical person were given the choice between the clear elucidation of the problem of "A Modern Antæus" and, say, a difficult problem in the Higher Mathematics, he or she would not infinitely prefer the latter. It is a pity, for the book is a good one, and its central motive is very attractive. This modern Antæus, whom, after the manner of modern novels, we follow faithfully from early infancy to manhood, is a child of Nature, marred by education and training. While sharing certain affinities with the famous "Sentimental Tommy," he is yet a youth of quite other calibre; for, while Mr. Barrie's hero was all art and no morals, Tristram Gavney is, on the other hand, all natural goodness and morality spoilt by art. To him, Nature is both a mother and a deity; he knows no law but hers. Naturally, his worthy parents fail to bring him up properly; and, to say truth, he must have been a trying child. Led by pure affection, he is all softness and docility; driven by sternness, he goes utterly wrong. Expelled from school for rank insubordination, his only friends are his sister Marcia; one Raymond Hannam, a youth of his own age, the vicar's son; an eccentric old county lady; and a poor village girl, Lizzie. In this society Tristram soon threatens to become quite as much of an enigma as his author. Taking up a profession midway between those of Sir Galahad and Don Quixote, he "rides about redressing human wrong"; and gets himself into very hot water in the process. His friend Raymond, the animal force, as opposed to Tristram, the spiritual, gets poor Lizzie, the poacher's pretty daughter, into trouble; and forthwith Tristram, who befriends the deserted girl and her child, is branded as the villain of the piece; a charge which, as is his wont when unjustly accused, he does not even take the pains to contradict. Such unworldly behaviour gets naturally misunderstood, and Tristram, a suffering and innocent martyr, is driven by wicked tongues to London, in which sinful place poor Antæus is tempted by ill friends into really evil ways, and becomes at last an actual sinner. Hercules vanquishes him, and he drops to his mother-earth exhausted and dying. Nature has been to him, as to Wordsworth's "Lucy," "both law and impulse"; the evil world ensnares him, and, in killing his youthful innocence, kills also his frail body, which had only

* "A Modern Antæus." By the writer of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters." 6s. (John Murray.)

lived and flourished in Nature's freer and purer air. Such, well and carefully, almost too carefully, wrapped up, appears to be the application of story's moral and old fable alike. The analogy of Tristram himself to the hero of the Greek myth is carried out in many light, graceful, and aery touches. Thus, the boy is in infancy drawn as a freakish imp, more or less in touch with the elements and the brutes; in boyhood he "finds water" for the suffering villagers with a divining-rod; spraining his foot, he is carried, one day, an elvish Puck, on a village girl's shoulders; he wrestles many times, in body and in spirit, with opposing forces—schoolmaster, bailiff, great lady—gaining, when worsted, ever fresh strength from the inspiration of the waters, of the rustics, of the fields. It is only after a last "fall," tried with the faithless Raymond—a fight whence, worsted in body, he emerges victorious in spirit and honour—that the impending doom descends, and the darkness finally closes over the victim; the last and fatal struggle taking place in artificial London, away from Nature's healing balm. Thus the youth, whom Nature loved, dies in the flower of his age, branded, dishonoured, and misunderstood by a narrow, foolish, and evil-thinking world. The mysterious writer is at his best with the old Greek myth, a myth on which his playful and poetic fancy runs riot. His numerous affectations and artificialities are too well known to need further mention here; such an expression, for instance, as "a queegle of alarm" need hardly surprise those who have known the unhappy "Englishwoman" and her methods. On coming here across the familiar name of "Nan-nan," we had, it is true, some fears lest we might meet that old retainer again; it turned out, however, to be quite another lady. The old shepherd-farmer, mouthing Greek, called "Daddy Wag-top," the modern embodiment of the old satyr who taught the young Antæus, is a charming picture. So, too, is Lizzie Haycraft with her baby, the living presentments, these, of innocent Nature's ways, arousing chivalrous devotion in their sworn knight-errant. Marcia, the sweet and unselfish sister, is, one thinks, the human realisation of the forces that make for the healing of Tristram's wounded soul, just as Lady Petwyn, the great lady and would-be benefactress, is another of the worldly powers that shatter him. Those who delight in poetry, feeling, and ideality will enjoy the art that breathes through the whole book. Let not, however, the reader imagine in it calmness and a peaceful siesta; for, in truth, the book must, like Hercules, be wrestled with. It is often, as the "shrill boy" of Mr. Elijah Pogram's meeting declared, "the severest mental exercise." Yet, while the faithful student of its intricacies will perhaps get occasionally fogged, and while others besides mere Philistines are sometimes tempted to wish that the author would try to be just a little less clever, the book will, we fear not, well repay its special public. The verse that ends it gives the story's key-note:

"And Youth, I must bewail thee,
Thy purpose was too great;
But the foes that did assail thee
Were stronger than thy fate,
And thy heart it was so ruddy red
That every archer knew
Where he might best impale thee,
And drive his arrows through."

EMILY C. COOK.

PROVOCATIONS BY H. G. WELLS.*

"Anticipations" would stand a vast amount of controversial footnoting. It bristles with pegs for discussion—vacant pegs; *it is written to provoke.*—Author's note.

At present, in Great Britain at least, the headmasters entrusted with the education of the bulk of the influential men of the next decade are conspicuously second-rate men, forced and etiolated creatures, scholarship boys manured with annotated editions, and brought up under and protected from all current illumination by the kale-pot of the Thirty-nine Articles.

"Anticipations" is written to provoke—to challenge criticism, to stimulate thought, to arouse energies. It succeeds. But it provokes in another sense, whether intentionally or by misfortune I cannot decide—it irritates, it exasperates, it offends. And of the provocations to anger, and even contempt, which bristle from its pages the above quotation is a fair example. Consider this dogmatic statement. The phraseology is inelegant—indeed, vulgar; the picture of a man brought up under and protected by a kale-pot, inept, absurd; the accusation so exaggerated that it provokes amusement, annoyance, blank denial, anything but the fair discussion, the honest controversy, which is, I take it, the first aim of Mr. Wells and of his book.

This is no isolated instance. Columns might easily be filled with quotations in which the author of "Anticipations" ruins a good case in this fashion. That grave charges may well be brought against, and proved against, our educational system, our political representation, our newspapers and our literature, our Civil Service, and our Army administration, no one in his senses would deny. But successfully to plead justification—and at the bar of public opinion this is the only defence possible—you must be prepared to prove the *whole* of your statements substantially true, and "the justification must be as broad as the charge and must justify the precise charge" (Blake Odgers). I should not relish the task of defending Mr. Wells's plea of justification in a libel action brought against him by "the head-masters entrusted with the education of the bulk of the influential men of the next decade." I should confine myself to an appeal in mitigation of damages if called upon to justify the picture of "hundreds of thousands of more or less drunken and untrained young men marching into battle—muddle-headed, sentimental, dangerous and futile hobbledehoys," and I should, of course, throw up my brief rather than attempt any defence at all of the statements that "publishers to-day stand a little lower than ordinary tradesmen in not caring at all whether the goods they sell are good or bad," and that the publishing trade differs "only from the trade in pork or butter in the

ONE OF THE LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

"Pippa Passes." By Ada M. Shrimpton. Royal Academy.

Pippa: "I will pass by, and see their happiness, and envy none."—BROWNING.
(Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.)

* "Anticipations." By H. G. Wells. 7s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall.)
"The First Men in the Moon." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (George Newnes.)

tradesman's careless bookkeeping and his professed indifference to the quality of his goods."

These and many other wanton exaggerations, biting and bitter in thought and expression, which Mr. Wells brings in support of his contention that we live in an age of "partial imbecility," greatly detract from the value and usefulness of a very serious, a very sincere, and for the most part a sane and sober book. We would choose to forget these provocations to wrath, and remember only the inspiring provocations to thoughtfulness, to self-criticism, and to the examination of a nation's aims and ambitions.

MR. H. G. WELLS.
A new portrait specially taken for this number by Messrs. Russell & Sons.

"Anticipations" truly bristles with vacant pegs for discussion, upon each of which we should like to hang some modest contribution. But we must be content with a slight consideration of one or two main themes.

Mr. Wells devotes much space to the locomotion of the new century. Here we are substantially in agreement. It is clear that the old isolation is becoming impossible, that improved methods of transit and transport are to play no small part in a general distribution of ideas, of men and methods. Mr. Wells is, however, wrong, we think, in saying that the narrow gauge established itself in the world by mere inertia ("inertia" hardly characterised the great battles between broad and narrow gauge and the Commission of 1845), and that as a result the train is dwarfed to a scale that limits alike its comfort, power, and speed. It is generally admitted, too, that something of comfort must be sacrificed to speed, and although in one passage Mr. Wells seems to deprecate speed, this is, we are convinced, to be the criterion of success of all future locomotion. It is curious, too, that in reviewing the possibilities of telephonic and telegraphic communication no mention is, as far as we have noticed, made of wireless telegraphy and telephony, and that in a list of champions of the air no room has been found for M. Santos-Dumont.

The picture of the inevitable war of the coming years strikes us as perhaps the most convincing anticipation of all; but here Mr. Wells has had all the advantages of witnessing and annotating recent developments in South Africa, which are so prophetic that even he who runs may read. In Mr. Wells's "world language" we have no belief. We are quite willing to admit that the decadence of France has been exaggerated; we do not for an instant agree that the superior intellectuality of France is shown at a glance by the Parisian bookshops. The world language of the future will inevitably be the language of world commerce, and we see no sign of possibility that France will take rank above Germany, Great Britain, or America in universal business. And we are quite sure that throughout these "Anticipations" the vast potentialities of Russia are ignored or minimised. Mr. Wells has, rightly or wrongly, argued that the progress of the world during the coming years will be substantially in the same direction, probably at ever increasing speed, as during the last few decades or since the introduction and diffusion of steam-worked machinery. But this progress, which has shaken many countries out of all semblance to past centuries of existence, has barely touched the fringe of Russia. When Russia, the sleeper, wakes it is more than possible that the world may witness such a colossal upheaval as will change the face of continents and mould empires into something undreamed in Mr. Wells's philosophy.

It is when Mr. Wells "anticipates" the New Man of the year 2,000 that we find ourselves in strongest opposition. He may be right in his prophecies concerning many of the means and methods of the future. We think he is. He is for the most part convincing in his descriptions of the social surroundings of the forthcoming generation, although he is, we are sure, quite wrong in anticipating the disappearance of the departmental stores in favour of the old specialised shops. He is unquestionably right when he tells of the steady advance to power of the competent, managing men, of the survival and the conquest of the fittest in every degree of life. He makes a fundamental mistake, we believe, in denying these men a leader, and in passing with a few strokes of the pen the vast possibilities of a new Cæsarism. And he is wrong, too, utterly astray, in refusing them a soul of faith, hope, and love. We have neither space nor inclination for a discussion of Mr. Wells's anticipations of the religion and morals of the future. We content ourselves with saying that this new man of Mr. Wells's imagination appears to us nothing more than a machine, with steel springs for a heart, and grinding iron wheels in place of bowels of compassion; with stating our belief that with the increase of knowledge will come more reverence, more love, more pity, a greater and wider humanity.

In his new novel Mr. Wells describes the inhabitants of the moon. The story and the pictures of the Selenites which illustrate it are haunting as a nightmare. Now the Selenite has neither ideas nor organs for any purpose than that for which he is particularly trained. His one delight lies in the exercise and display of his faculty, his one interest in its application, his sole society with other specialists in his own line. His brain grows continually larger and seems to suck all life from the rest of his frame. His limbs shrivel, *his heart diminishes and disappears.* "He is a perfect unit in a world machine." And this man in the moon is, it seems to us, in many respects a counterpart of the new man of the new world of Mr. Wells's anticipations. The brain is to be developed until the heart shrivels and dies. Man is to become a perfect unit in a world machine.

But—this world of ours is, and will ever be, something incomparably finer than the most perfect machine, and man is, and will ever be, something incomparably grander and nobler than the most perfect mechanism.

J. E. HODDER WILLIAMS.

TWO SCOTTISH HISTORICAL ROMANCES.*

Between the *ingenium* of Mr. Munro and the *ingenium* of Mr. Crockett—by the way, the patentee of the phrase, the clever Scotch Erasmus, George Buchanan, did not use it uniformly as a term of praise—there is the tolerably far cry from Argyllshire to Galloway. Yet the historical romances they have published almost simultaneously agree in what ought to be the main consideration in works of the kind. Each takes as his hero a Scot abroad. Oddly enough, Rollo, who is Mr. Crockett's firebrand, and fumes and fights all over

* "The Shoes of Fortune." By Neil Munro. 6s. (Isbister.)
"The Firebrand." By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Macmillan.)

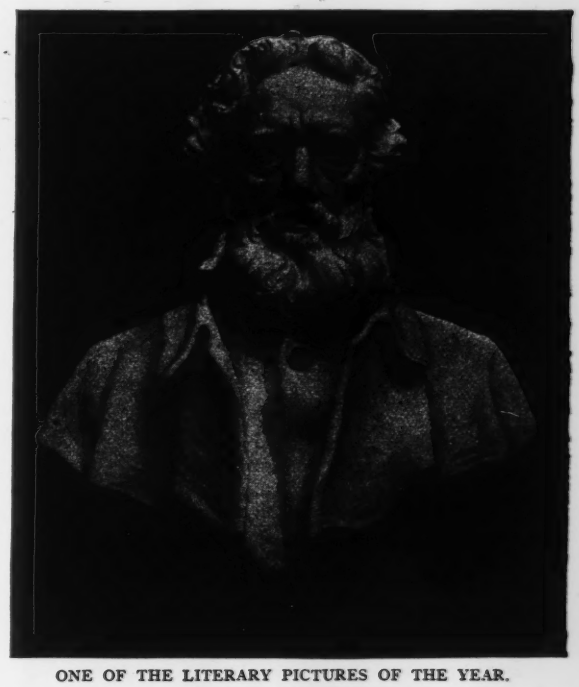
Spain in the Carlist wars, much as Quentin Durward might have done, has all the characteristic choler of the Celt, whereas Greig, who wears the "Shoes of Fortune," has both the dourness and the peculiar sentiment—which is widely removed from sentimentality—of the Lowlander. Mr. Munro comes nearer to Stevenson in his new book than he has ever yet done. Mr. Crockett, on the other hand, recalls more readily the stories with which James Grant used to beguile one's boyhood. There are passages in his story of the Carlists and Christinos which can hardly fail to revive memories of "The Romance of War."

The differences between these two stories may be stated thus: Mr. Munro's is much the superior in imaginativeness, in historical interest, and in that Stevensonian diabolism which counts for so much in modern romance. As a plot-constructor Mr. Munro has beyond all doubt "arrived" in "The Shoes of Fortune." The incident which makes a fugitive of Patrick Greig is rather a poor one, as it cannot be even dignified with the name of homicide, but when once he starts on his travels all goes well. The scenes on board the doomed ship, the adventures on the Continent, the meetings with the Pretender, Father Hamilton, Clementina Walkinshaw, and Thurot, are full of the spirit of the old Scottish adventurer. All the characters are well drawn, but the masterpiece in this line undoubtedly is Daniel Risk, the scoundrelly sea captain, who is quite on a level with any of the villains in "Treasure Island." On the whole, Risk is the best "bad man" Mr. Munro has yet invented. On the other hand, Mr. Crockett has the advantage in action, and in purely human interest. "The Albacete dagger was driven deep between the shoulder-blades. The young lithe body drew itself together convulsively as a clasp-knife opens and shuts again. There was a spurt of something hot on Ramon's hand that ran slowly down his sleeve, growing colder as it went. A shriek came from within the *rejas* of bowed iron." It is thus that the great outlaw who steps on the stage in the first page sets to work to avenge what he believes to be his outraged honour, by killing a man whom he erroneously believes to be his wife's lover. And there is an incident quite as strong on every fifth page or so. The two leading characters in Mr. Crockett's book—for the "Royalties" do not count for much—are David Rollo, the firebrand and Scottish adventurer, and Don Ramon, the outlaw and passionate lover of his own wife. They are full of flesh and blood, and, of course, ready for any amount of fighting. Luis, the false friend, is rather stagey, however. Mr. Crockett's heroines are distinctly better than Mr. Munro's. Isabel Fortune, who figures in "The Shoes of Fortune," is but a walking gentlewoman. Greig's tepid love-making to Clementina Walkinshaw hardly merits her remark, "When you have travelled the world a little more you will know yourself better, and you will thank me that I laughed at your whim, and saw well enough I was but the proxy for another in your passionate eyes." Altogether Mr. Munro's new book marks a distinct and remarkable advance on his part as a romancist, while "A Firebrand" is worthy of a place beside the best historical stories that Mr. Crockett has recently produced, that have had Scotsmen for their best characters, though not always Scotland for their scene.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

LET US BE EUROPEAN!*

In the main groups and movements of European literature, which Mr. Brandes aims at depicting, France plays a pre-eminent part, and this volume is confined mainly to the influence of exiled Frenchmen, who, early in the nineteenth century, diffused knowledge of the character and culture of other lands amidst the denizens of the hitherto self-centred *ville lumière*, and amongst the race of Frenchmen who had instituted a republic, and overturned Christianity, before it occurred to them to dispute the authority of Boileau. As a cosmopolitan Dane, Mr. Brandes is eminently qualified by the impartiality of his position for the perplexing task of criticism which he has essayed. He is in fact one of those *esprits Européens* of which Madame de Staël spoke—a class recruited in these later days from Scandinavia, as a hundred years ago it was recruited from Switzerland. In a former series of nine studies of literary personalities Mr. Brandes included no less than six nationalities. In the "Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature," of which this is a first instalment, we are not sorry to observe that he confines himself to three—French, German, and English. In order to cover such a large field as this with fruitful generalisations two things are absolutely indispensable: first, distance, and secondly, the aid of competent monographs. Neither of these conditions can be said to be fulfilled adequately for a purpose so ambitious as that of Mr. Brandes. There is indeed little, if anything, in his work that will be unfamiliar to readers of Faguet, Pellissier, Dejob, Lanson, Morel, and, above all, the late lamented Joseph Texte. The remarkable thing about the work of Brandes is the extent to which he anticipated the conclusions of many of these ardent students of a new science—that of comparative literature. And this brings us to the one cause of grave complaint against this present volume. Why is it presented to us with no more explanation than if it had been written in the ordinary way by an English author during the current year? Why are we told nothing about the evolution of a book which has been well known in Germany and the North of Europe for nearly thirty years? Unless we are curiously mistaken, the inception of this book derives from lectures given by Mr. Brandes in Copenhagen just thirty years ago, and, in its original form, the book was translated into German by Adolf Strodtmann and issued at Berlin in three volumes, 1872-4. It was for years rightly considered as one of the early masterpieces of the school of comparative literature. An injustice would seem to be perpetrated both against Mr. Brandes and against the public by withholding information as to the changed circumstances under which the book now appears. The present version* is apparently derived from the Copenhagen edition in six volumes, 1897-8; but the work has not been materially altered during the last ten years, and it is in no sense effectively brought up to date. It is only fair to add that the disadvantage of this is much less than might at first appear, for there is no doubt that the present volume will be valued less for its general ideas than for the admirable literary portraits which it contains. As a



ONE OF THE LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

Mr. Philip James Bailey, the Author of "Festus." From a Bust by Albert Toft. New Gallery.

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Sculptor.)

* "Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature." By George Brandes. In six volumes. Vol. I.—The Emigrant Literature. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

* The translation is excellent, but not free from blemishes; and we notice one or two errors in matters of detail, mainly in the chapter on "Benjamin Constant." On page 68, 1774 should be 1794.

key for the English student to such writers as Chateaubriand, Senancour, Barante, and Madame de Staël, the present chapters are, as far as we know, still quite unapproached. For an explorer who is sounding for currents, and preparing a chart of surfaces often quite unfamiliar to English readers, Mr. Brandes seems to us to be excessively metaphorical. So many features are excluded from his survey that we are constantly left in doubt as to the validity of his inferences and the inevitability of his conclusions. Nothing is said, for instance, of the resistance which the new school had to encounter from such a critic as Geoffroy, whose denunciatory vigour and vocabulary surpass that of our own Gifford. The reader will find it exceedingly difficult to adapt any of the present conclusions to the conditions of our own literature. When, however, the author turns from generalities and comes to describe the character and influence of a personage like Madame de Staël, the woman whose figure dominates the *emigré* group, or of a work like "Obermann," we resign ourselves with delight to the guidance of a master-delineator. Here, in the small compass of the "Obermann" chapter, are focussed with surprising clearness and distinction the most striking peculiarities of the Byronian epoch, the epidemic of melancholy and mysterious suffering and world-weariness which is so conscious of being interesting—the soliloquy amidst mountain solitudes, the rhapsodies about death, suicide, and self-sacrifice, veiling the romantic cult of the *Ego*, through which the nineteenth century passed in the early stages of its poetical education.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

MISS MASSON'S NEW EDINBURGH NOVEL.*

Miss Masson need fear no criticism from an Edinburgh reader. The glamour of the grey city is over her book, and its acceptance is secure. She has the one supreme qualification for writing about Edinburgh. She knows, not from argument or comparison, but as an *à priori* fact, lying, indisputable, among the "fundamentals" of the Northern faith, that there is no other city in the world like Edinburgh—none so beautiful, none so romantic, none so well-beloved. Its love-philtre may be an "easterly haar," but Miss Masson shows it to be potent as wine, holding us to our allegiance, even when the keen greeting of the east wind, like Horace's ardent lover, "*impressit memorem dente labris notam.*"

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MISS ROSALINE MASSON.

One is glad that Miss Masson has chosen such a type as old Christopher Fairbairn—a saint and a Writer to the Signet—for the central figure of her story. A man of a courtesy so precise and formal that he would not come to tea in his grey coat, even in his own drawing-room, with no strangers present, is a pure Edinburgh product. There is no other place left where they have leisure for these stately proprieties. To an Edinburgh imagination the mere thought of the old man and his ways is like a breath of home.

Gavin Seton, too, the young advocate who lounged through ten years of cultivated literary leisure and then turned to and made a brilliant success, is a true Edinburgh man. Where else can a man throw away the ten best years of his life and then turn back and pick them up again? There is always plenty of time in Edinburgh.

It is not easy to depict national, still less local, character in educated people. They are generally polished into similarity. The types are clearer among the peasantry. But Miss Masson has succeeded admirably,—distinctly better than in "The Transgressors." Her Scotsmen are better than her Scotswomen, and here the only woman of whom we hear much is an English rector's daughter, a gentle and charming figure.

There is much in the book that is interesting, very much that is pleasing, and, above all and best of all (at least to an Edinburgh reader), there is an infinite love and loyalty to that fairest of cities "whose very stones to us are dear."

HARRIET REID.

* "In our Town." By Rosaline Masson. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Q.'S NEW STORIES.*

In "The Laird's Luck" Mr. Quiller-Couch has given us another of those characteristic volumes of short stories which have secured for him a conspicuous position in imaginative literature. Both in matter and in manner he stands alone, and it would be hard to say whether one more admires the individuality and freshness of his natural gift as a *raconteur* or the rare mastery of technique which shapes and gives the perfect finish to his work. In this last respect one cannot but be struck by the air of verisimilitude which he has succeeded in imparting to three of these stories in particular. "The Laird's Luck," the "Three Men of Badajoz," and "The Two Scouts," are so charged with the atmosphere of the Napoleonic campaigns, and so accentuated with circumstantial details, that they might well pass for the genuine narratives of eye-witnesses. Of the nine tales which make up the collection, it is only, I think, in the first that, in spite of admirable workmanship, Mr. Quiller-Couch has not quite succeeded in achieving his object. Eerie and pathetic as is the conception of an unbaptized child-spirit—a "poor innocent, without knowledge of God's ways"—clinging to its legitimate brother and serving him with a clannish fidelity which does not hesitate at theft and card-sharping, it is too dreadful and too unchristian a surmise of the possibilities of the unseen world to be accepted for a moment, even for the sake of argument. We have outgrown the atrocious theology which consigned the souls of unbaptized infants to unquenchable fires, or to "sorrow without torment," or to a state of elfish isolation. Many years ago Sir Walter Besant treated a somewhat similar motif from its humorous side; but his invisible agent was merely the conventional "familiar," grown decrepit and effete from extreme age. The notion of this "innocent without knowledge of God's ways" is too hideous, and happily too incredible. "D'Arfet's Vengeance" is a finely imagined sequel to the elopement of Robert Machin and Anne D'Arfet from Bristol in the reign of Edward the Third. A wave of the wand, and that old-world romance of love is re-enacted before us. And years after these lovers have mouldered in their grave the husband, bald and wrinkled and old—a mere "husk of a man"—lands in Madeira to wreak that grim vengeance the thought of which has sustained him to the end. "I would be buried, sirs, *not beside but between them.* Ah? . . . You refuse me, I understand?" Quite as distinguished, in a different mode, is the new reading of an ancient legend in "Phœbus on Halzaphron," with its arresting description of the landslip—surely not apocryphal—in Mount's Bay, and

* "The Laird's Luck, and Other Fireside Tales." By A. T. Quiller-Couch. 6s. (Cassell and Co.)

the discovery of the stone stairway which wound up the cliff to—was it a temple of Apollo, which overlooked if not the lost land of Lyonesse, at least the great waters which had spread over the tall forests between Cornwall and the Scillies? Briefly recognising the tragic power of "The Poisoned Ice" and the stern temper, somewhat suggestive of Balzac, of "Margery of Lawhibbet," I pass to "Midsummer Fires," which seems to me the gem and particular star of the book. It is more in the old manner of Q. than any other of the tales, springs more spontaneously from a soil we have learned to love, runs with a sort of idyllic bloom on the brink of more homely if not less abysmal tragedy. Mr. Couch never touched a higher point in characterisation than in the slight phrase of John Penaluna, when he left his wife with her lover: "Shall I find her when I step home this evening? Please God, yes." And rarely has he surpassed in simplicity and effectiveness the surprise of the brambles which had for years shut out the view of the sea from the summer-house where Hester no longer dreamed of the sailor who loved her.

WILLIAM CANTON.

MR. BIRRELL'S NEW ESSAYS.*

Mr. Birrell is one of the few writers on the Liberal side whose thought and temper alike appear to have been improved by the chastening experiences of these two or three years. He writes with more gravity than of old, but with no less wit; with more point, because he economises his "points." He has still enough of the mundane, "common-sense" eighteenth century spirit—perhaps the best of all qualifications for essay-writing, that politest of arts. His notion of Socrates, for instance (if I may hazard a guess), would be far liker Xenophon's than Plato's; he could write of Cowper or Crabbe with far more insight than of Blake or Shelley. He loves "men of business" in whatever path of life he encounters them. He may poke gentle fun at the House of Commons, but as a theme it suits him perfectly. As he wrote sympathetically of Johnson and Burke ("It was Burke's peculiarity and his glory to apply the imagination of a poet of the first order to the facts and business of life. . . . He knew how the whole world lived"), so in this volume we find him attracted by Wesley, Bagehot, Browning, Sir Robert Peel—men of vastly different gifts and aspirations, but all "men of business" in their lines; men who laid and kept their ears against the multitudinous pulse of the world. "No man lived nearer the centre than Wesley"; "If you want to get into the last century, to feel its pulses throb beneath your finger," you must take Wesley's Journals and ride up and down the country with him. Of Bagehot we hear that "the hum of affairs sounds through all his writings." Browning is "all aglow with the colour of life, its many-hued interests." "The finest philosophical poem of last century is Robert Browning's 'Bishop Blougram.'" When a man says this, he is obviously restricting the meaning of the word "philosophical"; restricting it to moral philosophy, restricting it (as I should argue) to such "common-sense" moral philosophy as Hume's, certainly restricting it to limits not within a thousand miles of Plato's Cave. These limits granted (and the corollary that only the more mundane side of such men as Milton or Wesley can be treated within them), we can rank Mr. Birrell's essays among the best of their class. Only for our own sakes we must bear in mind that the very greatest men have listened and caught, not the pulse of this world only, but of the stars, and even (or so they have persuaded us) of Heaven beyond. Some may find disappointment in this volume, contrasting it with "Obiter Dicta." To me it seems a wiser book, as well as a mellower and more genial. Mr. Birrell still practises the art of which he is most pertinacious in accusing other men. He still makes long quotations from authors, less for the sake of illustrating their gifts than for the sake of annexing their thoughts by the simple process of adding, "I say so, too." We are all, for example, indebted to Bagehot; but few of us have laid hands on his wealth quite so coolly; and when Mr. Birrell makes Bagehot his stalking-horse for his old foe, Southey, we must smile to remember that, after all, poor Southey anticipated him in culling from the wide enclosure of the "Journals" the very anecdote which he quotes as eminently characteristic of the man.

But Mr. Birrell's passing allusions to men who, if under stronger compulsion, write with much the same motives as he, grow more genial as they grow less frequent. They are far too infrequent to spoil any man's enjoyment of this wise and witty volume.

I think if he prosecuted his researches into the Wesley family history, he would modify his opinion of the saintly qualities of John Wesley's father, the Rev. Samuel. *Pace* Tyerman, no more cross-grained old gentleman ever "worrited" a parish or a household.

A. T. Q.-C.

* "Miscellanies." By Augustine Birrell. 5s. (Elliot Stock.)

FENELON AT THE BAR OF HISTORY.*

Unless I am out in my reckoning, this volume, though by no means large, will be for a long while the standard English book on Fénelon. Its author, grandson of Sir Stafford Northcote, and in more ways than one heir to his attractive qualities, as these pages testify, seems to have overlooked none of the literature, wide in extent, various in judgment, that has grown up about the great protagonists of religion under Louis XIV. So well equipped is he that he can afford to smile at critics writing in haste, who may not always agree with him, and at an innocent public, brought up on hearsay, to whom the legend, not the history, of Fénelon, is familiar. That legend, pretty as it was edifying, fades in not a few of its golden scenes when the strong light of modern research is focussed upon it. Fades, or even disappears. I cannot pretend that we lose nothing by the change. To me, as to innumerable men and women, inside or out of Fénelon's own Communion, that name announced a mild, gracious, tolerant, heavenly-minded version of the Christian teaching, beautiful in its suave simplicity. All is not gone—but how much? If we could quarrel with a righteous judge, perhaps in Lord St. Cyres we might demand a little more emotion, a regret expressed more feelingly, when he strikes away one after another of the epithets with which we have been wont to canonize the incomparable Archbishop. He is certainly free from what Macaulay terms the *lues Boswelliana*; does he not show rather like the headsman in some picture I call to mind at Venice, smiting gleefully on the martyr's neck? How plaintive, caressing, even amused, Fénelon himself would have been in his criticism of this biography, could he have read it! And we should perhaps agree with Fénelon, till we took up the evidence again.

It is a work of admirable pains and industry, to which little can be added. Those who are best acquainted with the *grand siècle* will give it most praise. Quotation, always an art, is here felicitously managed; references are precise, abundant, telling; and the witty French epigram, at ease in Zion, is handled with tact and discretion. For sly satirical strokes the author has his own gift; he spends it on Jesuits, Ultramontanes, and by choice on clergymen, who may at all events be proud that they contribute to the gaiety of nations as much by their virtues as by their imperfect vices. I am not going to pluck these barbs out of the wound for exhibition; however, I will say that one who can get a joke—and a capital joke—from Bishop Butler's "Sermons," need not imagine the clergy will retaliate by getting jokes out of him. There is really a vein of humour in the book. "The gods love a jest," said Plato; perhaps, if Bossuet had shared this endowment of the gods, he would not have plunged into the miry deeps of Quietism in pursuit of Madame Guyon and Père Lacombe. But even Fénelon, playful at other times, became too serious in the same mad business, and lost his kingdom in looking after these lower animals.

One touches all this lightly. Readers anxious to learn what manner of man the Archbishop was, how he looked, spoke, acted, made friends, strove not to make enemies, moved at Court, bore himself in exile, treated his dependants, and charmed even those that hated him, will skip the dissertations on mysticism and metaphysics, as in the preface they are told to do. Such readers, I presume, are ten to one in this hard-grained, practical nation. Another sort, few, but worth consulting, will read all through and to the end;

* "François de Fénelon." By Viscount St. Cyres, late Student and Lecturer of Christ Church. 10s. 6d. (Methuen.)

they may be disposed to think Lord St. Cyres at his best in the difficult abstruse questions which arose during the long conflict with Bossuet, or with which the now nearly-forgotten name of Malebranche is associated. A happy combination of thought and language, with brilliant *aperçus* now and then, these chapters would not be unworthy of such an Oxford teacher as the late Professor Wallace, whom in certain points they recall.

But the supreme interest centres round Fénelon as a study in character, and now, if never before, we can view him, not as a saint on a pedestal, but in his habit as he lived. Complex beyond his own interpretation, the man appears an extraordinary mixture of light and shade; his defects undeniable, the magic of his presence heightened by them, his prelusive attitude to the later time not less clear than his attachment to the Greeks and classic antiquity. In sum he is the spirit of protest; the prophecy, and in Télémaque almost the leader, of opposition to Louis XIV, to despotism, to formulas of every kind; while in literature he goes before Jean Jacques and is the distant herald of Wordsworth. A man so alive to creative yet secret influences; far in advance of his own generation, and suffering because of it; affects us in another fashion than the imperial Bossuet, who preached the funeral oration of a stereotyped and simply inherited scholasticism. It is astonishing. Fénelon, who was adored for his virtue, without respect to his opinions, now turns out, like many a prophet, inferior to the message that he brought. Bossuet appears more likely to escape judgment as a man; yet, for all M. Brunetière may argue, his Augustan French is a dead language, and he speaks to none of us. The pathetic note in Fénelon may be sometimes forced; this deeper pathos, at the sight of an imperfect mortal, charged with meanings too great for him, spotted in his nobler kind, will never quit his memory, any more than it can be divided from Savonarola's. I could wish that Lord St. Cyres had dwelt upon it. He has made us the richer by a sincere, well-studied, impartial, and perhaps enduring biography, which ought to be welcome. We shall not love Fénelon the less because we pity him; if he is no longer the saint we thought, he remains a man of genius, born out of due time, bitterly persecuted, and not always understood even by himself. WILLIAM BARRY.

A NEW NOVELIST.*

Miss Peterson has "arrived" from the other side of the Atlantic—in every sense of the word but one. In spite of its title, which suggests commonplace ability trying to take a leaf out of the book of genius, and in spite of almost exasperating faults, this book is one of the half-dozen novels among the thousand published since the autumn season began, that are at once fresh and true to the womanliness which demands passion from man and the manliness which commands respect, but not always love, from woman. Beyond question Miss Peterson would do well, before she writes again, to go through a course of Stevenson, including the autobiographical passages in Mr. Balfour's biography, or Mr. Raleigh's pitiless "Style," or at least to take to heart the perfection of critical level-headedness in Mr. Leslie Stephen's dictum: "The highest triumph of style is to say what everybody has been thinking in such a way as to make it new." One is tempted to transcribe from "The Potter and the Wheel" and place in his notebook such a passage as this, because the first sentence is Lucas Malet-and-water, and the last is a Meredithian Iliad in a nutshell: "They came from out of the strip of woods and its shadows to the beach stretching away on either hand in the distance and sloping ahead of them into the sea that kissed it and then receded, holding it at arm's length before it embraced it again as a lover does his sweetheart. The slow creeping up and retreating of the waters came faintly and soothingly to their ears. Far off a faint light appeared in the heavens, marking the rising moon. The burden of the day and the excitement of the battle crept off and were lost in the shadows." On the other hand, "The Potter and the Clay" is destitute of introspection, and almost destitute of psychology.

* "The Potter and the Clay." By Maud Howard Peterson. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

MISS MAUD HOWARD PETERSON.

It does not canonise or consecrate the earthly, the sensual, or even the devilish. If one may venture to parody and mutilate Mark Pattison's excellent jibe, it contains but three persons and no false gods. One of the three is Cary, a girl belonging to the class of perplexingly simple and attractive girls who, like Blumine and the woman that lingered in Scott's heart to his dying day, never marry the "strong men" who come into their lives, but invariably "do better." The other two are her lovers—John Stewart, level-tempered, level-headed, and "so English," whom she helps to make a man and almost a hero of, and Robbie Trevelyan, half-civilised, wholly Scottish, and capable of ascending or descending to any extreme of passion. Of course Cary marries Stewart; that is the fate of Carys. But what Robbie does for Trevelyan is incomparably greater. Pilgrims of Love are numerous as blackberries or commercial travellers; the Poltroon of Love is a novelty. Trevelyan shoots himself slightly with a revolver, that he may not be sent on a perilous military expedition, and so have a chance of seeing Cary again. Stewart goes in his place, but does not die, as on the whole he ought to have done. Trevelyan accomplishes his "redemption" by fighting and succumbing to cholera at an Indian station. "The Potter and the Clay" is a strong story, full of strong but not impossible situations, and is the work of a writer who has diligently studied life and its possibilities. When she has learned to eschew stylism, and has attained a style, she ought to produce a masterpiece.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

SHAKESPEARE AND MUSIC.*

This learned and attractive book traverses much of the same ground which Mr. Edward Naylor had made his own five years ago in his excellent "Shakespeare and Music." Each volume serves to supplement the other. The musical instruments of the Elizabethan age are described by Mr. Elson, and Shakespeare's numerous allusions to fife, viol, recorder, bagpipe, lute, virginals, are explained. The dances, the ballads and lyrics, the musical stage directions, Shakespeare's æsthetic feeling for music, and his influence upon eminent composers, are studied; many examples from our elder music are given, and a few pictorial illustrations aid the text. Shakespeare's technical knowledge of the art was no less remarkable than his knowledge of field sports,

* "Shakespeare in Music." By Louis C. Elson. 6s. net. (David Nutt.)

as set forth by Mr. Justice Madden; but the poet, we are told, was "surer of his ground in the vocal than in the instrumental field." It is a comfort to find that he could make a slip, as where, in the Sonnets, he speaks of the jacks of the virginal leaping to kiss the palm of his lady's hand; the jacks could no more kiss the hand than can the hammers of our present piano. But we learn from the New English Dictionary, as well as from Mr. Elson, that other writers beside Shakespeare used the word erroneously or loosely for "keys." Bacon, in his "Sylva Sylvarum," has given a full and precise description of Elizabethan music; but Mr. Elson is not a sufferer from the trichinosis too prevalent among his Transatlantic fellow-countrymen. He notes the fact that from many musical points strongly emphasised by Bacon, not a single metaphor is drawn by Shakespeare: "Bacon approaches the art with all the exactness of a scientist, Shakespeare with the ardor of a music lover; Bacon is most precise and careful in every statement, while Shakespeare occasionally makes an error, proving the lack of the investigating mind." The comment may be placed beside that of Mr. Justice Madden where he contrasts the intimacy of Shakespeare's knowledge of field sports with the ignorance and indifference of Bacon, who writes lovingly of gardens, trees, flowers, aviaries, and fountains, but has nothing to tell us of horse or hawk or hound. EDWARD DOWDEN.

THE WAR OF THE CIVILISATIONS.*

The chapters of this book are made up of the letters of a war correspondent who went to Peking with the Allies. The writing is forceful, vivacious and sometimes Americanesque in the audacity and freshness of its similitudes, but is disfigured by frequent *gaucheries* of style. When Mr. Lynch forgets his rôle as war correspondent and poses as historian or amateur diplomatist he falls into grave inaccuracies. It is not chivalrous to be unduly hard upon an author who prefaces his book with an apology—if the book "only succeed in putting the reader to sleep as frequently as its composition did the author these hot days, he will consider that his work has not been in vain." The volume will not fall into that particular condemnation. It will keep a reader awake, sometimes perhaps after the provoking method of the mosquito or the gad-fly. Mr. Lynch has the courage and candour to recognise that there is a Chinese side to those great questions of the Far East towards the settlement of which the war of the Allies has done less than nothing; but he over-states the case, and his panegyric of that patriot of the new style, the Empress Dowager, who assumes that all rival races should be murdered or driven into the sea, is absurd. The criticism of missionaries now and again blurted out in these chapters is insolent and uninformed. In a paragraph on Missionaries Past and Present, he speaks of Xavier as having had "thousands of followers both in China and Japan." Xavier died on an island off the south-west coast of Kwangtung, and saw the mainland from afar. He had no practical part in the actual enterprise of evangelising China. It was not his privilege to see the immediate fruit of his heroic sacrifice. The condemnation of the opium trade contained in one of the chapters will be endorsed by those who have the moral as well as the material interests of the Chinese people at heart; but Mr. Lynch ought to have known that the drug was not introduced by the British, but by Arab traders, many centuries ago. The Dutch and the Portuguese preceded us in the unholy traffic, although the huge dimensions now assumed by the traffic must be put down to the credit of our past wars and our sinister diplomacy. In discussing the Chinese army and its possibilities, this writer pays a well-deserved tribute to the toughness, the good sense, and the staying power of the Chinese soldier; but when he speaks of an army officered by "scholars trained in Confucian tactics," he falls into a double error. Military mandarins are not graduates, and have been selected for their gymnastic exploits only. "Confucian tactics" is a contradiction of terms, for Confucius had a horror of fighting, and again and again refused to be drawn upon the subject of "tactics." The testimony of Mr. Lynch when he is an eye-witness, and not a mere hearer of native interpreters' yarns or a reckless generaliser, is of value. We shudder at his descriptions of the blind havoc and rapine wrought by the soldiers of some of the Allies, who probably killed twenty decent Chinamen for the off-chance of slaying a Boxer. All accounts tend to show that the outlook in the Northern provinces of China is most depressing, and is scarcely less so in some of the provinces which have had no share in the outrages, but will now be taxed for the costs. Many of the worst ringleaders have not been punished, and innocent blood will cry out against us in Chinese homes for generations. Those who may resent most strongly some of the comments in this book will do well to read it, and think over some of the world problems it suggests. T. G. SELBY.

* "The War of the Civilisations." By George Lynch. 6s. net. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

ROBERT BUCHANAN.*

Every critic of Buchanan's poetry thinks it incumbent on him to dilate on his redundancy and his artistic carelessness, while owning his great qualities. This is only natural. He

* "The Poetical Works of Robert Buchanan." With 2 Portraits. 2 vols. 12s. (Chatto and Windus.)

ONE OF THE LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.
"The Ancient Mariner." By P. W. Gibbs. Royal Academy.
"The sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet."
(Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.)

was what they say of him, and of all that is contained in these two volumes only a small proportion will last. But let us consider that as proved and said, and turn not to what he might have given but to what he actually did give. It seems to us a large and rich gift. For a new reader to start on a study of Buchanan's work is a stiff task; but if he turn to "Balder" and the "Book of Orm," he will find what will make him willing to be patient through much long-winded matter, confident of treasure. It is well for him to know what he will not find. He will not find one perfect poem. He will never find the final expression of any thought or feeling. But he will find what, perhaps, he may value—even though his quest be a poet—a man. Buchanan was a thinker, a sentimentalist sometimes, a man of strong feeling always; a propagandist, an apostle rather than a pure poet. He knew quite well the kind of verse-writer he was, the kind he desired to be, and he tells it in "Faces on the Wall." The strugglers of the world have been his teachers and inspirers. No "idle singer of an empty day" is he.

"On other walls let flush'd Bacchantes leer;
In quainter rooms of snugger sons of song
Let old fantastic tapestries appear.
Lone House! for comfort when the nights are long,
Let none but future-seeking eyes be here!"

He has sung of common joys; no one savoured them more, but he always thought verse too good for trifling. Terribly in earnest, he was for ever asking:

"Is the soul safe? Shall the sick world be well?
Will morning glimmer soon, and all be fair?"

He could not write for the triflers.

"I sit apart, a lonely wight
On this bare rock amid this fitful Sea,
And in the wind and rain I try to light
A little lamp that may a Beacon be,
Whereby poor ship-folk, driving thro' the night,
May gain the Ocean-course, and think of me."

Buchanan was alive to all the influences of his age. In many ways he lived far beyond it. He never succumbed to the fashion for trifling, never became infected with the materialism that marred many of his contemporaries. In religion, politics, and common life he remained a lofty, stubborn idealist. Like all men of his impulsive, passionate temperament, he made many mistakes, but never an ungenerous one; and in all this mass of verse, good, bad, and indifferent, sometimes of surpassing beauty, sometimes rather dull, you will find nothing base, nothing, so far as moral beauty is concerned, even second-best.

ANNIE MACDONELL.

Novel Notes.

MARIETTA. A Maid of Venice. By Francis Marion Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)

With a heroine so entirely natural and winsome as Marietta, a love romance so idyllic as that in which she and Zorzi play the principal parts, Venice for a stage, and a patrician suitor for the hand of Marietta, an ineffectual conspiracy against the Republic, a scoundrel planning Zorzi's ruin, and an easy-natured, blusterous Greek pirate ready to rescue him, among the accessories, Mr. Crawford fashions a novel that within its own limits almost touches perfection. His plot is very skilfully constructed, and his characters live. Zorzi, the Dalmatian, is a waif who has been adopted by Angelo Beroviero, the wealthy glass-worker, and under Angelo's tuition he becomes a finer artist in glass than his master. Growing to love Marietta, but conscious of the wide gulf between them, he is too honourable to tell her of his passion, and strives to suppress and hide it, and his awakening to the knowledge that she loves him, though she is already betrothed, is very charmingly wrought. Going a journey, Angelo entrusts him with a MS. book of invaluable trade secrets, and in Angelo's absence his son, a rival glass-worker, schemes to obtain this treasure. Other means failing, he writes to the Governor accusing Zorzi, among other things, of having learned the art of glass-making, a thing forbidden to foreigners within the Venetian Republic. This leads to Zorzi's arrest, and to his rescue by the Greek pirate; but he is wise enough to return and surrender to the authorities, when the terrible Council of Ten, appreciating his genius and his love of art, figuring in a more benevolent light than novelists usually present it, allows him privileges that open doors for him to such happiness as had seemed beyond his wildest hopes. "Marietta" is an excellent romance, in the true romantic vein, and written with all the grace and finish Mr. Crawford has taught us to expect.

THE MAKING OF A MARCHIONESS. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

On the whole, the first part of this novel is better than the second. In the first you are introduced to Emily Fox-Seaton, a simple, lovable, womanly heroine of thirty-six, a dependent lady-companion in great houses, who finds an unselfish happiness in promoting the happiness of others, and, so engaged, unconsciously wins the affection of the mature, widowed Marquis of Walderhurst, and after a short, matter-of-fact wooing becomes the Marchioness. The second part is equally good until the Marquis has to go abroad. Then Captain Osborne, heir-presumptive of the Marquis, who is staying near by, with his wife, in a house his lordship has lent them, is invited to come, with his household, and become the Marchioness's guests for a while; and under her roof they are better able to carry out divers diabolical attempts on her life, the captain's desperation increasing when he learns she is expecting an heir. He wants to teach her horse-riding, intending to arrange a throw for her; but she declines. Aided by his Indian servant, he deposits a broken cornice on the stairs, on the chance of her falling over it; saws through the rail of a wooden bridge, on which she often leans to watch sunsets; poisons her glass of milk. But she is saved by her faithful maid and the repentance of the captain's wife, and, fleeing for safety, goes into hiding in London. The characterisation is so consistently true in the case of Emily, and the Marquis, and his cousin Lady Maria, to say nothing of minor persons, that one resents the intrusion of this melodramatic captain, with his stagey outfit of blue-fire villanies, and resents it the more because after he has departed to India the story closes with a return to its earlier, natural note, and the winning of the Marchioness back from the gates of death is a pathetic and human touch that makes the preceding sensationalism the more unreal. Withal, the book is so eminently interesting that, however much you may disbelieve its sensational developments, you will not be able to lay it down till you get to the end.

THE FIERY DAWN. By M. E. Coleridge. 6s. (Arnold.)

It is seldom indeed that one has to criticise the work of a popular novelist on the ground of over-elaboration, superconscientiousness. The author of "The King with Two Faces" has refused to yield to the temptation which follows sudden success, and there are signs in plenty that infinite labour and pains and self-criticism have gone to the making of her new book. But in Miss Coleridge's merit lurks her danger, and the explanation of some lack of vividness, vitality, and gripping interest in "The Fiery Dawn." The story gives us the impression of having been re-written many times, of having been shorn and shorn again of seeming superfluities, until the style has become so concentrated, so elliptical, that it makes too great a demand upon the reader, who is left to imagine and picture to himself much which to Miss Coleridge is clear enough, but to him vague and dim. To appreciate, and at times to understand, "The Fiery Dawn" it is necessary to have more than a casual acquaintance with a particularly complicated period of history, and while many great personages figure in the story you must know from other sources not a little concerning their character and history if you would realise the importance of the parts they play. "The Fiery Dawn," as it stands, requires copious notes, an historical introduction, and a commentary. But this is the only fault we have to find with a story which in romantic interest and in the charm of subject and characters is equalled by few novels of the year, and excelled by none. All the undying fascination of a dying cause, all the magnificent heroism of a hapless but ever-courageous woman's struggle against mights and dominions, all the tragedy of blind devotion and the deeper tragedy of devotion which refuses to be blind—these you will find in Miss Coleridge's novel. To read "The Fiery Dawn" is to

fall, as men fell in 1832, under the magic spell of the Duchesse de Berry; is to feel your heart thump and your blood burn at the cry, "*Vive Henri Cinq!*"; is to live and fight and love and despair as they lived and fought and loved and despaired in those strenuous, rousing days at Nantes; is to meet that splendid company of genius at the Maison Botherel, to share in the frenzied enthusiasm of the Hugo worshippers, to listen to the living voices of Théophile Gautier and Corot and Balzac. This scene among the giants of letters and art, this attempt to reproduce the sparkling flippancies of "Théo," the fluttering rhapsodies of Gérard de Nerval, the pompous rhetoric of "Dom Mar," is perhaps the most daring thing in a particularly ambitious book. We should say, too, that it was the most successful and convincing, if it were not that we must give first place to the wonderful picture of Hugo, after the grim failure of "Le Roi S'amuse," sitting, his face grey with thought, looking at Hell.

COUNT HANNIBAL. By Stanley J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

"M. de Tavannes smiled. Mademoiselle averted her eyes and shivered." Could anything promise better than this opening of Mr. Weyman's new romance? "'But your heart,' he cried fiercely, 'is his! Your heart, which you told me in the meadow could never be mine!' 'I lied,' she murmured, laughing tearfully, and her hands hovered over him. 'It has come back. And it is on my lips.' And she leant over and kissed him. And Count Hannibal knew that he had entered into his kingdom, the sovereignty of a woman's heart." Could anything be more satisfying than such an ending in these days, when writers who ought to know better insist upon taking leave of hero and heroine in darkness and despair? Really it is hardly necessary to say more than that between these passages runs a story in Mr. Weyman's best vein, with the crimson horror of St. Bartholomew as an historical setting. Count Hannibal is a worthy companion of "A Gentleman of France" and "The Red Cockade," and Mr. Weyman's hand is as cunning as ever in fashioning a romance which will send a thrill through the most jaded reader and keep even a reviewer from his bed.

THE COMING OF THE PREACHERS. By John Ackworth. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The scene of Mr. Ackworth's latest book is laid in a North Country borough during the early half of the eighteenth century, and its religious elements are so skilfully interwoven as to be part of and inseparable from the romance of it. Against a background of superstitious survivals, rumours of Jacobite risings and landings of the French, Mr. Ackworth pictures the first breaking-in of the Methodists on the unspiritual lives and the rugged customs and observances of an old-world provincial town, with the resultant upheavals and upliftings, discords of opposition and miraculous regenerations. And against the same background, through the same surroundings, and touched to fine issues by these strange, new religious influences, runs the love-story of Mark Rawson and Kinty. The characterisation is always vigorous and clear: the quaint brothers Kirke, Kinty's uncles, with their odd ideas of business and pleasure, are delightfully real; Kinty herself is a tantalisingly fascinating heroine; and Mark, with his covert ambitions, his love, his alternating pride and faint-heartedness, the breakdown of his willingness to oppose the coming of the preachers by violence, and the sturdy underlying honesty that gives him courage to stand by his convictions, as soon as he has any, even at the cost of forfeiting Kinty's love, make him so natural and likeable a man that no reader can lose interest in his welfare when once he has started on his acquaintance. The book is carefully and cunningly written, abounds in quiet humour, and is every way worthy of its author's high and increasing reputation.

THE TORY LOVER. By Sarah Orne Jewett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The most substantial and, what matters more to the general public, the most readable, historical novels are now made in America. Within the last year or two Miss Johnstone, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Mr. Chambers have won real success in this field, and now the well-known writer, Miss Orne Jewett, bids fair to rival them. Her tale is of the American War of Independence, and when we say that one of the principal personages that figure in it is the renowned Paul Jones, expectations of romance will run high. Nor will they be disappointed. Yet, frankly, we miss something of the fire and dash of the Capitaine Paul of Dumas' tale, and in Mr. Churchill's conception of him there was more subtlety. Miss Jewett, however, inspires great sympathy in

MARY HAMILTON, THE HEROINE OF "THE TORY LOVER."

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us for her particular privateer. She exhibits him as a harassed man, also as an unlucky lover, rather than in his hour of victory. But by emphasising his magnanimity and his generous public spirit she keeps him fast in his romantic place. Indeed, his little outbursts of temper, which she reveals, are almost needed to make him seem real enough to hold his own on the quarter-deck. But he is not the hero of the book. Miss Jewett has risked failure by making Wallingford sit on the fence at the beginning of the struggle, and only go over definitely to one side at the prayer of the lovely Mary Hamilton and for his mother's safety. It is difficult to take a keen interest in anyone so half-hearted. But when we see him fulfil the pledges loyally he has taken against his will, watched him the faithful lieutenant of Paul Jones, and suffering under wrongful suspicions after the attack on Whitehaven, he rises into a worthy hero for the excellent story. And yet we grudge him to the charming Mary, and wax melancholy over the disappointment of the gallant privateer.

PENANCE. By Leslie Keith. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

For all the strain of sadness that mingles with the ending of it, "Penance" is far indeed from being a gloomy story. John Darnaway, the simple, sturdy Scot, returning to visit his old home and the ward he has not seen since she was a child, comes easily and happily by his heart's desire; the younger, more impetuous Tosh meets with bitter disappointment, but would realise in after-time that he was happier in his failure than if he had been successful. Mary Skelton, womanly, sympathetic, tolerant, is likewise destined to miss perfect happiness, but bears no ill-will to her unconscious rival; she has lived long enough and knows enough of life to be able to take her sorrows wisely. "Those are the happy people, Janey," she says, "those who can light their candles when the sun goes down"; and she is one of such. A pitiful contrast to her is the shallow, selfish Lilith Shore, with whom and whose error, and final awakening, the book is more immediately concerned. In the beginning she is a coquettish, fascinating widow, who in a shipwreck saves her jewels, but forgets her child, who is left behind and is drowned; in the end she learns to see herself as she is and has been, and the final act of her repentance is very vividly and movingly told. The characters are drawn with remarkable skill and insight;

there are some humorous and clever sketches of life in Scotland and in Germany; a tender, grey little sketch of existence in an Essex vicarage; and much bright and breezy dialogue that serves by contrast to relieve the powerful and dramatic intensity of the darker episodes. It is altogether an exceptionally strong and effective piece of work, and absorbingly interesting throughout.

CYNTHIA'S WAY. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 6s. (Arnold.)

Everyone who has ever lived or travelled in Germany should read "Cynthia's Way." In its pages he will find a thousand delightful memories. And everyone who is tempted to form a hasty and not too favourable opinion of a great nation from certain unwise and uncharitable articles in the English newspapers and from the reproductions of offensive German car-

MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.
From a photograph specially taken for this number by Elliott & Fry.

toons, everyone who wants to know something of the inside of German life and manners, as distinguished from their outward and only too visible grossness and ignorance, should read and re-read Mrs. Sidgwick's novels till he is able to pass an examination on their contents. For Mrs. Sidgwick, with rare keenness of vision, has seen below the surface ugliness of German existence, and has understood many things which are hidden from the casual observer and many things which the prejudiced refuse to acknowledge. She is every whit as observant, at times every whit as sarcastic and critical, as "Elizabeth," but more kindly, more charitable, more eager and readier to recognise and appreciate the foreign point of view. In "Cynthia's Way" we have noted many smart and mordant sayings which might well have been penned in the famous "German Garden," such delicious bits of characterisation as "Heaven be thanked that you have not been drowned, and that we have *Kalbsbraten* for supper!" or "'We are already the most highly civilised nation in Europe,' she cried, and, so saying, she put back on her plate the pigeon-bone she had just picked clean"; or, again, "Shakespeare, whom I claim as a German, although by accident he wrote in a detested tongue." These are worthy of "Elizabeth" at her brightest and best, and "Cynthia's Way" abounds in similar passages. But with all her dislike of German grossness and meanness and pettiness, summed up in "Cynthia's Way" in the old lady of aristocratic tendencies, in the particularly disagreeable German "girl of the period," and in the young man who exists on poetry and pickles, Mrs. Sidgwick is fully alive to the kindliness, the beautiful motherliness of the German *hausfrau* and to the fine manliness and strength of character which are to be found everywhere throughout the kingdom. There is not a more lovable woman in recent fiction than Flau Klopps, not a more attractive hero than Adrian. We know that such men and women are truly representative of a great and growing class of Germans, and we counsel our readers to enjoy the pleasure of their acquaintance in the pages of Mrs. Sidgwick's delightful novel.

ROYAL GEORGIE. By. S. Baring-Gould. 6s. (Methuen and Co.)

Dartmoor, that treeless forest which in ancient days was a royal chase, is once more the background of one of the most stirring novels that have sprung in recent years from the inexhaustible invention of the author of "Mehalah." Georgie, whose whispered relationship to the "first gentleman of Europe" has suggested to the rustic gossips the epithet "royal," stands out a fresh and charming figure against the savage landscape and the still wilder people among whom she shares the exile of her uncle, the Rev. Josiah Thirkleby, who was chaplain at court in the naughty days when his gracious majesty was yet a graceless Prince Regent. The situation is picturesque and crowded with possibilities, and the interest deepens when the parson dies after a drinking bout, and leaves behind him a scandalous chronicle, which it is to the advantage of several persons to secure. It would scarcely be fair either to author or reader to tell how Georgie is ejected from her home and hooted out of Wellcombe, how her boorish admirer attempts to murder her aristocratic lover, and how, though she herself commits to the flames the memoirs which would have proved her lofty parentage, a happier lot falls to her than even an acknowledgment at court could have conferred. The attraction of the story does not, however, depend on the plot or incidents alone; it is full of character-drawing, keen and clever, though occasionally a trifle exaggerated. Miss Chevalier is one of the shrewdest and most amusing studies in Mr. Baring-Gould's long record of fiction; cynical, perhaps, but in that respect amply compensated by the sympathetic figures of the Rev. Henry Weldon and his wife.

THE PROPHET OF BERKELEY SQUARE. A Tragic Extravaganza. By Robert Hichens. 6s. (Methuen.)

If there were prizes for painstaking industry in the literary world, Mr. Hichens would surely earn the first by his new story. No one in the three kingdoms can recently have laboured so hard to amuse us, if we are to judge by our own laborious determination to co-operate with him in being amused. We might have succeeded under certain conditions, with the aid of a bellowing orchestra, dazed by the glare of the footlights, and the whirling and the stamping of his harlequinade, had it appeared on the stage. But without such stimulus to high spirits we are prostrated by the ferocious onslaught of farce before we have passed the tenth page, and there are nearly three hundred and forty of them. Mr. Hichens's Lady Enid swore a solemn vow to be silly, silly, and nothing but silly. And she was. Mr. Hichens has made a fierce determination to be the same, and seems to challenge us to deny his success. We are far from denying it. There! But it takes a very clever man to be so elaborately absurd.

THE SINNER AND THE PROBLEM. By Eric Parker. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Under this mysterious title lies a story that contains no great sinner and not the shadow of a problem. They were but names given somewhat inaccurately to two schoolboys by a painter who sojourned for a space in their neighbourhood, and was introduced by them to a fair lady—an elusive kind of being, but she serves as an excuse for turning the simple records of the boys, with a few of those of their masters' thrown in, into something like a novel. The boys are nice boys, intelligently and genially studied. They have idiosyncrasies, heroisms, and hero-worships of their peculiar own; they are very real, and not at all brutal. Indeed, they are the making of an agreeable book, which goes near to being spoilt several times by the characterless lady and by the scribbling painter's aggravating habit of observing himself, and of stroking and patting himself when he has done or said something quite ordinary. As chronicler of the boys he is excellent; as chronicler of himself and his love affair he is tedious.

The Bookman's Table.

HAWTHORN AND LAVENDER With other Verses. By W. E. Henley. 6s. (Nutt.)

"Hawthorn and Lavender" is the rather arbitrary title of a sort of "un-Christian Year," a series of short poems suggested by the seasons, and dealing, of course, with Life, Death, and Love. Some of them are unusually neat and beautiful; others, perhaps, exaggerate Mr. Henley's widely-regretted faults and vagaries; all display his wonted fire and vigour. The little three-stanza pieces please most. Prose—eloquent, poetical prose—does not become verse by cutting it up into varied lines, as one does an epitaph. Thus the "Præludium," which has no rhymes at all; XLVI., which has rhymes, but not metre; and L., which has both, though the rhymes are too far apart, and which is indeed a noble piece, might just as well have been printed as prose. Mr. Henley has an observant eye for nature, especially for dull skies and bad weather, and almost makes us shiver by his brief, biting descriptions. Unexpected, startling concatenation of words and phrases is his strongest point, although the artifice is often too apparent and the surprise not always grateful. "Hawthorn and Lavender" is certainly a considerable work, but what it all means we do not pretend to know. The purpose and meaning of the whole body and of its most rugged members will be clear enough to those who are born with the gift of understanding modern poetry. Obscurity and reticence are not necessarily evil things; but what is a poor vegetable to do—with his instinct for turning to the light, born and brought up on the lucid old poets—Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Milton, Spenser, and their fellows—who thought no shame to set forth plainly their thought, their whole thought, and nothing but their thought? Reading these dainty volumes of minor poetry somehow causes a craving thirst for a draught of prose, and one is always led on to devour with delight all the Press notices printed at the end. In one of these Mr. Henley is praised for his "jocosery, grotesquery, and daintiness of form." These graces will no doubt be again recognised in his thirteen sonnets called "London Types"—'bus driver, sandwich man, barmaid, and suchlike. In prose they would be good little Dickens sketches. In verse they are not funny enough for burlesque, and, if meant for serious poetry, we hardly think sonnets are improved by larding with coster slang. Three adequate theatrical prologues follow, and then a few elegies, the first most pathetic and dignified; that on the Queen, like its rivals, too redolent of the paltry gun-carriage business, but containing some vigorous ideas and phrases. To be fair to all schools of poetry the critic must love no one of them overmuch, and Mr. Henley's undoubted merits must be too lightly prized by a devotee of lucidity, dignity, repose and chastened grace, who will fain place Mr. Watson in the first rank on the strength of three or four little poems (such as his exquisite "Glimpse") which he himself may regard as trifles. But this partial and limited critic will own that Mr. Henley is simply the poet he chooses to be, and that he could have been ever so much better.

THE BRIDE'S BOOK. By Mrs. E. T. Cook. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

There is always the danger, when writing solely of brides, that the result may be much as the ordinary brides themselves are too apt to be, most boring to the world in general. Mrs. Cook, however, has—skilfully avoided dulness. Without being too flippant, she has written a piquant, entertaining book which is also sensible and at times entirely tender. "There is, alas!" she says, "nothing in its way more cloying than other people's happiness!" She has her quiet laughs at, and amusing experiences of, the dual selfishness of newly-married couples; but she does not ignore the beautiful side of this selfishness; she touches with much charm on the soul-union which is strong enough to blot out the whole world for a time. The book is in three parts: first, the Romantic, which includes proposals, flirtations, engagements, and so forth, up to the very wedding-day; second, the Idyllic, treating of the year of honey, contrasts in marriage, pre-nuptial friendships, and kindred matters; third, the Domestic, in which home, servants, house-keeping, and the question of wives' professions are discussed; the whole finishing with an Epilogue on the Higher Life—one of the most attractive portions of the book. "It took me quite a vear to learn to call George by his Christian name," said Miranda, in the chapter on Discords; "it seemed so terribly familiar. . . . I don't like 'dear' or 'darling,' do you? They are so dreadfully suggestive of nagging." Miranda is one of the brides who counsels the author, and her remarks are generally very apt, even in their irrelevance. Praise, too, must certainly be given to the outer appearance of this volume; with its white parchment covers with folded edges, the golden orange blossoms trailing up the back, and the pale blue ribbons to tie it close, it forms a most dainty and desirable gift for any bride, or a charming Christmas present.

FREDERICK THE GREAT ON KINGCRAFT. By Sir J. William Whittall. 7s. 6d. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

"Les Matinées du Roi de Prusse," a historical manuscript of doubtful authenticity, but of some considerable interest; the reminiscences of the Whittall family; and a collection of Turkish stories and parables—such are the curious and at first sight somewhat incongruous contents of this volume. The "Matinées," in the French original and in a translation, take up the majority of some 300 pages; the rest of the book is padding, but is nevertheless highly interesting. After the fall of Napoleon, Savary (sometime Duc de Rovigo) sought refuge at Smyrna from the persecutions of the Bourbons, and out of gratitude for the asylum afforded to him in the hospitable home of the Whittalls, presented the then head of that world-renowned firm with a document which he alleged to have been purloined by him from Frederick the Great's writing-desk in the Palace of Sans Souci. A portion of the "Matinées" has already been published, but this strange production now sees the light in its entirety for the first time. In these pages we behold Frederick the Great in the guise of an eighteenth century Macchiavelli. "I understand by the word politics," he writes, "that we must always seek to make dupes of others." Politics of State, according to him, must be differentiated from private politics and reduce themselves to three principles, viz., firstly, to aggrandise oneself; secondly, to ally oneself only if some advantage is to be gained thereby; and, lastly, always to make oneself feared and respected. The Turkish stories with which this quaint but nevertheless entertaining *omnium gatherum* concludes are remarkable for their pithiness and appositeness. The name Whittall is one to conjure with in the Levant, and Sir William is to be congratulated on adding another to the many achievements of a distinguished family.

WANDERINGS IN THREE CONTINENTS. By the late Captain Sir Richard F. Burton, K.C.M.G. Edited with a Preface by W. H. Wilkins, M.A., F.S.A. 16s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

This is the second volume of the Burton MSS. which has been published since Lady Burton's death. It consists mainly of lectures delivered by Sir Richard Burton on many different occasions. As the editor points out in the preface, it gives us an epitome of Burton's principal travels in three continents, stated simply and unaffectedly in his own words. Most of Burton's larger works are out of print and very difficult to obtain, and the present volume supplies a distinct need in rendering his travels accessible to the "outer circle of the great reading public." The ground covered by these essays includes Mecca and Medina, Harrar, Central Africa, Salt Lake City, Dahomè, the Congo, Brazil, and Syria. Most thrilling of all is the account of Burton's hazardous and adventurous visit to Mecca and Medina; but, needless to say, each and every one of the experiences of perhaps the most daring explorer and traveller of the nineteenth century cannot fail to be interesting. The print is good, and the volume is handsomely got up.

THE PRINT-COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK. By Alfred Whitman. Illustrated. 15s. net. (Bell.)

Mr. Whitman has brought wisdom and experience to bear upon this subject. The study of prints, their histories, their producers, and all appertaining to them is, he acknowledges, one which is almost limitless; but within this volume may be found enough instruction and advice to make it an in-

valuable handbook for all who make prints a study or print-collecting a hobby. Chapters are given on line engravings, mezzotints, etchings, aquatints, stipples, woodcuts, and colour-prints. There is also one most acceptable chapter of hints to beginners, and another on the money value of prints. And by no means the least interesting portion of the book is that relating to the print-rooms of the British Museum. Mr. Whitman's fund of knowledge and expert criticism, so quietly given out in this book, together with his attractive style of writing, makes his work very alluring as well as genuinely valuable.

A HISTORY OF POLICE IN ENGLAND. By Captain W. L. Melville Lee, M.A. (Oxon). 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

It is somewhat surprising that the reading public should have had to wait until the dawn of the twentieth century for a history of the English police, but it is fortunate that the task should at last have fallen into the hands of so careful and thorough an investigator as Captain Melville Lee. The English police system is no mere despotic growth superimposed on an unwilling people, but a popular organisation which has been evolved side by side with the most venerable of our institutions. In the volume under review we can trace the various stages by which the "head borough" of Anglo-Saxon times and the parochial constable of a more recent period developed into the present-day policeman. The history of the detective force is also dealt with in these pages. The prototype of Sherlock Holmes was the Bow Street runner, who, unfortunately, seems to have been more often than not actuated by the hope of gain rather than by any sense of duty. Townsend, one of the most celebrated of this class, left £20,000 behind him, and the heirs of another runner shared no less than £30,000 between them. This is by no means a dull compendium. It is brightly written, and will appeal not only to those who are directly interested in our police force, but also to the public generally, who have always been slow to recognise the invaluable but arduous and thankless nature of the duties performed for them by the blue-coated guardians of the "King's peace."

THE THEATRE: Its Development in France and England, and a History of its Greek and Latin Origins. By Charles Hastings. Authorised Translation by Frances A. Welby. 8s. net. (Duckworth.)

It cannot be said that Mr. Hastings has accomplished what he himself admits to be his very ambitious aim of writing an "original, useful and practical text-book." Neither nature nor art has endowed him with the necessary qualifications, his work being neither accurate nor accomplished. A text-book should at least be well arranged, tersely and vigorously written, and immaculate on all points of fact. Mr. Hastings' book possesses none of these merits. Further still, we venture to think he has striven to accomplish too much. There already exist excellent text-books of Greek and Latin literature, which give ample information regarding the Greek and Latin drama and stage. The history of English dramatic literature has been more than sufficiently dealt with in works small and large. To attempt, as Mr. Hastings has, a sketch so incomplete of the recent French and English stage is a profitless labour. Of Mr. Hastings' inaccuracy we may instance the sketch of Shakespeare's life, where legend and fact are gloriously mingled.

THE LIFE OF A CENTURY. 1800 to 1900. By Edwin Hodder. With Five Hundred and Nineteen Illustrations. 10s. 6d. (Newnes.)

It is a heartening thing to take up such a book as this and read and see what the life of the just ended century was at the beginning and is at the end. There have been some terrible disasters, national calamities, mistakes, defeats, muddles—all these, undoubtedly; but in spite of that, the record is a fine record; we have much to comfort us and much to be proud of. In 1800 George III. was king, and a good king to his people; but progress was still weak in its joints, and social life was run on anything but model lines. In the hundred years here chronicled we have lost much evil and gained much good. Of the things which have gone, without regret, highway robberies on every heath and common, public executions, bull-baiting, slavery, the employment of small children in factories, mines, and as "sweeps," are a few among many; while of the things to approve we have railways, the penny postage, better conditions of labour, better housing, trained nursing, and countless other civilising influences. Mr. Hodder appears to have overlooked nothing. War, peace, agriculture, art, literature, science, religious movements, politics, and great events, are all dealt with to the last day of the century. As a picture of English life and progress during one hundred years, we can wish for no more trustworthy, instructive, and thoroughly entertaining volume.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. In Twenty Volumes. 2s. 6d. net each. (Constable.)

For a good, tasteful, inexpensive edition of Shakespeare's Works this, now issued by Messrs. Constable and Co., would be difficult to improve upon. It will be complete in twenty volumes, published at fortnightly intervals; and each volume may be had separately. The type is excellent, clear and large, with good margins; the binding is neat, dark red with gilt design on the back, gilt top, and bookmarker. There are numerous illustrations, spirited and well drawn, by such artists as Robert Sauber, Byam Shaw, Jacomb Hood, Patten Wilson, Estelle Nathan, and others of equal merit; and illustrations and title-page are printed in colours on Japanese vellum. It is undoubtedly an uncommonly attractive edition, well provided with notes and glossaries, and not in the least cumbersome.

CHRONICLES OF THE HOUSE OF BORGIA. By Frederick Baron Corvo. 21s. (London: Grant Richards.)

A careful presentment of allegations and authorities on this famous but enigmatic history would be welcome. Signor Corvo (is the writer an Italian?) has preferred to give the public in many large pages a romance cut up into somewhat fanciful disquisitions, all in the style of a decadent much taken with Alexander VI. and his exploits. Though professing to be no sort of apology, the book does in fact explain away or excuse most of the charges brought against the Pontiff; and it clears the good name of Lucretia from calumnies which, as every serious student is aware, had never been proved. The extensive bibliography, tables of descents, and quotations from out-of-the-way documents possess a certain value. But as a contribution to knowledge on the really important issues we cannot praise it. However, it is one more stone laid upon the grave of the Borgia legend, which, in its traditional form, has deservedly ceased to walk the ways of history.

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DECEMBER, 1901.

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More Christmas Literature.

SOME CAPITAL BOOKS FOR BOYS.

For many boys Christmas without "a new Henty" would be little short of a delusion and a fraud. Mr. Henty occupies the proud and, it would seem, unassailable position of first favourite among a great host of readers. And this is, we think, as much a compliment to the intelligence and good sense of the boys as it is to the energy and unfailing skill of the author himself. Mr. Henty never produces a tiresome or feeble story. All his books are distinguished by a wealth of rattling adventure, not a little solid and useful information and instruction, a frank, healthy tone, and wholesome moral.

MR. HERBERT HAYENS.

This year Mr. Henty, as is both just and due, devotes two books to the Boer War. WITH BULLER IN NATAL (6s., Blackie) and WITH ROBERTS TO PRETORIA (6s., Blackie), both thrilling tales of fighting and valour, equal to the very best in the long list of his works. For those—and they must be many—who would choose to forget South Africa for a season, there is TO HERAT AND CABUL (5s., Blackie), A Romance of Afghanistan, in which the hero does signal service at the Defence of Herat, and AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET (6s., Blackie), a stirring story of the Mahratta War. Any one of these books, which are, as is the case with all Messrs. Blackie's publications, produced in the most handsome manner, would rejoice the heart of any boy. A present of all four would make him a millionaire.

The season has produced an exceptionally large number of historical and adventure stories of all kinds, and it would be impossible to notice, even very briefly, one-half of the volumes issued. We have therefore made a selection of books which we can heartily recommend as Christmas gifts.

Mr. Herbert Hayens, who is proving a worthy companion to Mr. Henty, has written a dashing story of the times of Garibaldi—ONE OF THE RED SHIRTS (6s., Nisbet). The very titles of the chapters—"Betrayed," "The Storming of Palermo," "Burnt Out," "Hunted," "The Last Fight of the Red Shirts"—are proof that the book affords a perfect wealth of exciting incident and adventure. Dr. Gordon Stables, well tried and ever popular, has written a particularly fresh and exciting story of life on the East Coast of Africa—WITH CUTLASS AND SWORD (5s., Nisbet). The tale is brisk, picturesque, and interesting from cover to cover. While Lieut. H. P. Whitmarsh in THE YOUNG PEARL DIVERS (Macqueen) offers us quite a new scene for adventures in his breathless story which takes us under water.

Another old favourite, George Manville Fenn, has added another capital book to the long list of stories of the Boer War—THE KOPJE GARRISON (5s., Chambers). No better hero could be presented to boy readers this Christmas than King Alfred, and in GOD SAVE KING ALFRED, by the Rev. E. A. Gilliat (6s., Macmillan), the great hero of the year is the theme of a most vigorous story. The book is genuine history in a most fascinating guise. Other excellent historical romances are A YOUNG CRUSADER, by Sheila E. Braine (1s. 6d., Nister), a thrilling and charming story of King Richard and the Soldiers of the Cross. THE KING'S "BLUE BOYS" (Jarrold), a quick, boisterous tale—with at times an inclination to be humorous—of Frederick William I. of Prussia's giant grenadiers, by the same popular author. CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS, by W. M. Graydon (Macqueen), a chronicle of dash and danger, in which the hero escapes from the Roundheads, only to find himself in Virginia, where he renews his acquaintance with peril and adventure. WITH WELLINGTON TO WATERLOO, by Harold Avery (1s., Wells Gardner), a tale which every adventure-loving boy should certainly relish for its vivid details of fighting, of the adventures of a young trumpeter in the Royal Horse Artillery. WITH REDSKINS ON THE WARPATH, by S. Walkey (3s. 6d., Cassell), a tale of the taking of Quebec, in which the Silver Tomahawk (a veritable Fennimore Cooper relic) plays an important part. DAUNTLESS, by Ewan Martin (6s., Pearson), another story of the days of Cromwell; and A LION OF WESSEX, by Tom Bevan (3s. 6d., Partridge), in which feuds and maraudings, love, sacrifice, and brave deeds galore combine to make a most vigorous tale. Last of all, there is THE ALBUM OF ADVENTURES (5s., Black), a collection of stories by an old favourite, Ascott R. Hope, without whom no Christmas book list would be complete, and Mr. Alfred H. Miles's Fifty-two Stories of Courage and Endeavour (5s., Hutchinson), in which a number of favourite authors have set themselves to provide a thrill for every week in the year.

From Photo by [*Russell & Sons.*

MR. GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

It is so seldom that we come across a really good story of public school life, that it is a particular pleasure to be able to give unstinted praise to ACTON'S FEUD, by Frederick Swainson (3s. 6d., Newnes). Those who have read it as it appeared in that altogether excellent magazine, *The Captain*, will want to possess it in this handsome form, and those boys to whom it is altogether new have some hours of unqualified pleasure in store. It is a strong, manly, and inspiring book. THE CAPTAIN'S FAGS, by W. E. Cule (1s. 6d., S.S. Union), is another bright and attractive chronicle of school days; and Mr. Andrew Home's well-known racy and humorous style was never seen to better advantage than in OUT OF BOUNDS (3s. 6d., Chambers), a collection of five-and-twenty tales, full of laughter and genuine fun. But *the* schoolboy book of the year is certainly YOUNG BARBARIANS, by Ian Maclaren

One of Mr. Harold Copping's clever illustrations to Ian Maclaren's delightful book, "Young Barbarians."

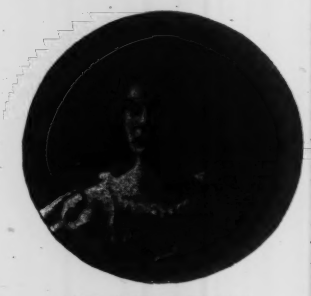
(6s., Hodder and Stoughton), which was fully reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN, and calls for no notice here. A word must, however, be said of Mr. Harold Copping's illustrations to the story. We have never seen pictures of schoolboy life to equal them. They are astonishingly clever, artistic creations, for which it would be impossible to find too high praise.

For the boys who prefer fact to fiction—and their number steadily increases—and for the parents and guardians, and uncles and aunts—mostly aunts—who are anxious to provide instruction rather than mere amusement, there is this year a splendid variety of volumes from which to make selection. First among them we should place Dr. Fitchett's new book, THE TALE OF THE GREAT MUTINY (6s., Smith, Elder). The works of the author of DEEDS THAT WON THE EMPIRE need no commendation at this time of day. Suffice it to say that this history of the Indian Mutiny is written in the graphic style which characterises Dr. Fitchett's work, with all the swing and dash, with all the careful accuracy and brilliant descriptive power which have made his books so deservedly popular. For a studious boy we can recommend THE TALE OF THE GREAT MUTINY as the most acceptable present of the year.

For sea-loving boys there is SEA FIGHTS AND ADVENTURES, by John Knox Laughton (6s., George Allen), a volume of

true stories of pirates and buccaneers, privateers, and treasure ships, dashing acts of courage and hairbreadth escapes, written in a brisk, straightforward style, and illustrated by a series of excellent pictures. A word, too, must be said of Mr. William Moxon's stories from SOUTH AFRICAN HISTORY (3s. 6d., Griffith, Farran), an admirable collection of stories, true as they are stirring, of South Africa, from the settlement of the Dutch to the present war; and of COURAGE AND CONFLICT (5s., Chambers), in which Mr. F. T. Bullen, Mr. Henty, Mr. George Manville Fenn, and many other well-known writers give stirring accounts of courage and conflict in war, on sea, among smugglers, or in the home.

MR. HAROLD AVERY.



MISS SHEILA BRAINE.

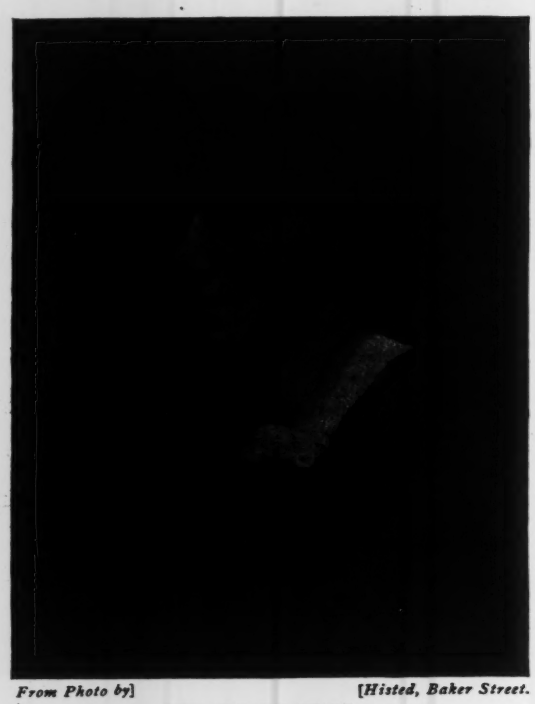
There are two books which can scarcely be classed with these, but which are sure to be in large demand at Christmas-time. THE BOY'S ODYSSEY, by W. C. Perry (6s., Macmillan), illustrated by Mr. Jacomb Hood's very powerful drawings, forms a very entrancing and at the same time a very useful introduction to Homer; while THE OPEN-AIR BOY, by the Rev. G. M. A. Hewett (6s., Allen), forms just the very book for a boy who hates books, for it treats in brightest manner of all out-of-door sports—angling, butterfly-collecting, and the like.

Many old friends in new guises are among the best of the year's books for boys. Special mention ought to be made of a new edition of Jules Verne's AN ANTARCTIC MYSTERY (2s. 6d., Sampson Low), of Mr. Baring Gould's GRETTIR THE OUTLAW (3s., Methuen), and of Messrs. Blackie's splendid shilling reprints of ROBINSON CRUSOE; Ballantyne's CORAL ISLAND; and Kingston's PETER THE WHALER.

SOME CAPTIVATING TALES FOR GIRLS.

As surely as Christmas itself—and as invigorating and bright as Christmas should be—come stories every year from a band of writers beloved of every girl who loves a book. The season would be dull indeed if Mrs. L. T. Meade, Miss E. Everett-Green, "E. Nesbit," Miss Ethel Heddle, Miss Ethel Turner, and others almost as well known, failed to cater for their own particular admirers in their own particular vein. They certainly have not failed this year; our shelves are gorgeous and our commendations high.

School-girls, with a taste which is, perhaps, only natural, prefer, in the holidays (we venture to speak of no other occasions), to know of schools chiefly in the guise of fiction, and a batch of good school-stories has been prepared for them. Among these one of the thickest and handsomest is A NEST OF GIRLS, by E. Westyn Timlow (6s., Chambers), a racy, vivacious story of life in an American boarding-school, from the chrysalis to the butterfly stage; with an epilogue, to leave readers comforted as to the butterflies' future. German school-life, too, is shown in A POPULAR GIRL, by May Baldwin (3s. 6d., Chambers), with all the glamour of continental life, natures, and amusements. Then—to put England last, as is but mannerly—we have Miss Evelyn Sharp's latest school-story, one of the brightest, THE YOUNGEST GIRL IN THE SCHOOL (Macmillan), a funny little body, busy and happy, with a weakness for knocking herself against troubles, and a power of projecting herself into hearts. While Mrs. Vaizey (perhaps better known as Jessie Mansergh), in TOM AND SOME OTHER GIRLS (3s. 6d., Cassell), contributes a very lively tale of modern public school life, in which blunt manners act well in knocking sharp edges off conceit and priggishness, and the great events of school years, which are so very great at the time, are chronicled in a chatty style, which rivets the attention.



From Photo by [*Histed, Baker Street.*

MISS EVELYN SHARP.

First favourite among writers of historical stories stands Miss E. Everett-Green, who understands so thoroughly how to weld truth and fiction, and wrest romance from the gloomiest period. From her comes FOR THE FAITH (3s. 6d., Nelson), a tale of picturesque incident and religious zeal, dealing with the young pioneers of Reformation in Oxford. Also IN FAIR GRANADA (5s., Nelson), a story of Moors and Christians, in which an otherwise somewhat stiff bit of history is illuminated and softened by love and hearts united. And TRUE STORIES OF GIRL HEROINES (5s., Hutchinson), which is a gay volume, packed with the life-stories of girls, notable, but not too well known to be of thrilling interest. Other volumes which lure us back into the past are OLD BLACK-FRIARS, by Beatrice Marshall (5s., Seeley), who seems, in this fascinating record of London in the period of Anthony Van Dyck, to have inherited her mother's bright narrative style. MADAMS-COURT, by H. May Poynter (2s., Nelson)—wherein Princess Clementina Sobieski makes her romantic escape from Innsprück Castle to her bridegroom, James Francis Stuart—and THE DOCTOR'S NIECE, by Eliza F. Pollard (2s. 6d., Blackie), a Brittany tale of the eighteenth century, full of mystery, adventure, and a winning simplicity.

MRS. L. T. MEADE.

From a photograph specially taken for this number by Russell & Sons.

For girls who are a little tired of history, and, perhaps, even a little more tired of school just now, there are other tales in plenty. These are the girls whom Mrs. L. T. Meade entirely understands and never forgets. Her pen has still its old cunning, and the results are brisk, absorbing, and always wholesome. Three volumes which now face us are A VERY NAUGHTY GIRL (5s., Chambers), COSEY CORNER (3s. 6d., Chambers), and GIRLS OF THE TRUE BLUE (6s., Chambers), each in its own way vigorous, yet feminine in tone, and one, in particular—COSEY CORNER—showing the good effect which may be obtained by a judicious use of green, scarlet, and yellow on white covers; it is one of the prettiest girls' books we have seen.

Just a few more we cannot resist mentioning—A GIRL FROM GALWAY, by Katherine Tynan (6s., Blackie), and A LITTLE IRISH GIRL, by J. M. Callwell (2s. 6d., Blackie); in both of which it seems to be the fate of the young folks to act as cement in mending the differences of their elders, which closing of gaps is done in both cases with much spirit and diversion. WORTH THE STRUGGLE, by M. Montgomery Campbell (1s. 6d., Jarrold), is a new book from a writer who is most popular with working girls.

and working mothers; a soldier element enters into this story, which is full of loyalty, and ends with wedding bells. Then Miss Isabel Suart Robson gives us a capital story in MRS. PENDERSON'S NIECE (3s. 6d., Cassell). Her sympathies are with girl-workers, too, though girls of another type, and she, too, makes effective use of the love element, as also does Miss Ethel Heddle in AN ORIGINAL GIRL (Blackie) who—the Original Girl—possesses a typewriter and a titled grandmother, and goes to Court in white and silver, but who leaves the lap of luxury again to be with her father, an old actor, and who

MISS ETHEL TURNER.

MRS. MOLESWORTH.
From Photo by Russell & Sons.

eventually brightens the life of a sturdy Scot. THE STORY OF A BABY (Ward, Lock) and THE WONDER-CHILD (Religious Tract Society) are both by Miss Ethel Turner, who charms and delights afresh by her Australian scenes and her streak of frank homeliness; personal knowledge convinces us of Miss Turner's hold on girls' affections.

Mr. Alfred H. Miles, that sympathetic and wholesome encourager of young emotions, has recognised the fact that courage is neither limited to, nor needed only by, boys; therefore, in one plump volume, he has gathered a long list of favourite writers to tell FIFTY-TWO STORIES OF COURAGE AND ENDEAVOUR FOR GIRLS (5s., Hutchinson), an inspiriting, encouraging book, which—whatever the editor's idea of economy may be—will certainly last no girl fifty-two weeks in the reading.

"'You must be a fruitful cherry-tree,' said Mr. Clark." From "A Cherry Tree." (Hodder and Stoughton.)

"'Too' laughed so loud that a gentleman sitting just behind them could not help smiling." From "'My Pretty' and her Little Brother 'Too.'" (W. and R. Chambers.)

A volume which must by no means be overlooked is the beautiful one by Mrs. Gerald Gurney—THE CHILDHOOD OF QUEEN VICTORIA (6s., Nisbet), telling in most readable fashion, with much that is new, the story of Queen Victoria's life till that day—

ETHEL F. HEDDLE (MRS. MARSHALL).
From a photograph specially taken for this number by Russell & Sons.

when twelve years old—on which she first realised her future exalted position. The miniature, which is here reproduced for the first time, adds greatly to the beauty of the book.

Mrs. Molesworth, whose books are treasured by girls from six.

to sixteen has, in "MY PRETTY" AND HER LITTLE BROTHER "TOO" (3s. 6d., Chambers) and THE BLUE BABY (2s. 6d., Unwin), given us collections of short stories; one volume beginning with the adventures of a brother and sister who were left at the wrong Christmas party by mistake, and the other with the Blue Baby's fit of anger on an esplanade. Other books which will appeal to girls a little nearer six than sixteen are CHERRY TREE, by Miss Amy Le Feuvre (Hodder and Stoughton)—a volume which will be very sure of the handiest corner on the favourite book-shelf. It is a tale of two brothers and two sisters, the two first full of mischief and pranks, the second two (one who looked on the worst side of everything, the other "borned a smiler") not far behind their brothers, told by the ever-popular author of "Probable Sons" with her well-known skill and attractiveness—then A HANDFUL OF REBELS, by Raymond Jacberns (3s. 6d., Jarrold), who tried to tame their new governess, but were tamed themselves instead. MRS. HAMMOND'S CHILDREN, by Mary Strafford (3s. 6d. net, Brimley Johnson), a family boasting of extraordinary games, "scrapes," and a real parliament; finishing with the artistic and quite uncommon Brownie Series, published by the Pear Tree Press (2s. net, Brimley Johnson).

"E. NESBIT'S" NEW BOOKS.

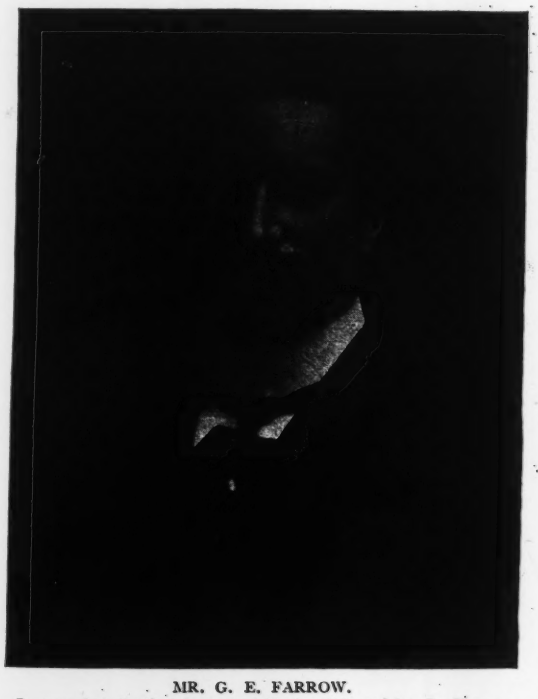
With a touch which is somewhat reminiscent of Mr. Kenneth Grahame in his "Golden Age," but a charm which is inimitable and quite her own, Mrs. Nesbit has written a book which insists on recognition but declines to be classified; it is one of the most laughable books of the season: THE WOULDBEGOODS (6s., Unwin), containing the further adventures of "The Treasure Seekers," an enlivening group, whose acquaintance most children have already made; if they have not, they soon will, for parents, who are sure to extract this book from the children's shelves, will not be long in rectifying the omission. "E. Nesbit" contributes two other volumes for the season's beguilement—NINE UNLIKELY TALES (6s., Unwin), which deal most amusingly, if rather irreverently, with fairyland, and THIRTEEN WAYS HOME (Treherne), which is more grown-up, but even more exciting.

MRS. HUBERT BLAND ("E. NESBIT") AND HER DAUGHTER.
From a photograph specially taken for this number by Russell & Sons.

IN FANCY LAND.

There is, we know, a large army of boys and girls—chiefly girls—who tire at times of this ordinary planet and seriously yearn for excursions into something quite different. Many boys can, as a rule, put up with a jaunt into a jungle or a ramble over the Rocky Mountains, but a few, and a whole crowd of girls, really need a change into fairyland. For these this will be a happy Christmas, old corners of that country having been furbished up to look as new, and new corners having been discovered.

We can select only a few fairy volumes for mention here; but we can assure all boys and girls that if they will put themselves into the hands of Mr. G. E. Farrow, he may safely be trusted to provide new sensations. In BAKER MINOR AND THE DRAGON and THE NEW PANJANDRUM (5s. each, Pearson) he comes as a reincarnated Lewis Carroll to take children off in an ordinary hansom—accompanied by Mr. Alan Wright as illustrator-in-chief—to land them, by means of the back of the pantomime stage, straight into the country of dragons and adventures, or, accompanied by our old friend, the Dodo, to visit the land of Sinbad the Sailor, to secure that Great Roc's egg. In these days, too, when we are taught to cheer and revere important personages, it is gratifying to be taken to fairy-land by a real Queen, or a Master of Arts. This is done in A REAL QUEEN'S FAIRY-BOOK, by Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania (6s., Newnes), who tells of wonderful fairy happenings on the fairyland side of her own kingdom, and in FABLES AND FOLK TALES FROM AN EASTERN FOREST, by W. Skeat (7s. 6d., Cambridge University Press), a real Cambridge scholar, who recounts strange tales of animals' doings over among the Malays. In FANCY FAR-LAND (5s. net, Chapman and Hall) Miss Myra Hamilton writes of a country where when you open oysters you are quite as likely to find a mermaiden as something to eat. This is an entirely new corner of fairy-land, and an excellent one for practical-minded children.



MR. G. E. FARROW.
A new photograph taken specially for this number by Messrs. Russell & Sons.

Other fascinating volumes of fairy-lore are THE REIGN OF KING COLE, by J. M. Gibbon and Charles Robinson (4s. 6d., Dent)—a book with a gorgeously beautiful cover, having inside it all the merry stories King Cole made the various ambassadors tell him on pain of being banished from Court; ROUND THE WORLD TO WHYMPLAND, by Evelyn Sharp (5s., Lane), in which whymps play sly tricks, and a professor's smile grows so large that it runs round his face and is tied in a bow at the back; and THE WOOD-PIGEONS AND MARY, by Mrs. Molesworth (4s. 6d., Macmillan), in which the little girl and the little birds talk and play in a fairy forest; these form a quartette which should brighten the holidays from end to end. While a beautiful volume, called THE RAINBOW GARDEN, by Gratiana Chanter (5s., Brimley Johnson), full of quite new tales and pictures; and a handsome new volume of our old friend, of whom we never tire, HANS ANDERSEN (6s., Wells Gardner), illustrated, just as any child would have wished, by Mr. Gordon Browne, must close this list of fairy-annals.

"He was at last face to face with the terrible monster." From "Baker Minor and the Dragon." (C. Arthur Pearson.)

BOOKS FOR THE BABES.

There is, undoubtedly, a large section of small but important humanity whose power is absolute in the making or marring of Christmas. This section will probably not read THE BOOKMAN, so we may here mention its power with safety, and assert that it *must* be kept quiet to some extent. For this important section old

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WITH A PHOTOGRAVURE PORTRAIT OF RENÉ BAZIN.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, in reviewing Mons. René Bazin's novels in the *Contemporary Review* says, "The most successful and, I think, the best of his books is the latest, 'Autumn Glory.' There is no doubt that here the novelist has found a subject worthy of the highest talent; that subject, briefly, is the draining of the village by the city. . . ."

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Recommended by the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

UGLY POLLO.

His Story.

BY

HAROLD HICKMAN.

With Illustrations by Winifred Austen.

From "Ugly Pollo."

RAYMOND JACBORN'S NEW STORY.

A HANDFUL OF REBELS. 3s. 6d.

Author of "Common Chords."
Charmingly Illustrated by PAUL HARDY.

UNIFORM WITH "BLACK BEAUTY." Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

TOPSY'S FOUR HOMES AND VISITS.

By ISABEL WORTLY.

THE STORY OF A DOG'S LIFE.

Charmingly Illustrated by Photographs taken from life.

CATALOGUE OF NEW PUBLICATIONS SENT ON RECEIPT OF A POSTCARD.

LONDON: JARROLD & SONS, 10 & 11, WARWICK LANE, E.C.

favourites and new candidates for favoritism have done their best, and if, from the following selection of joys between covers, harassed parents can find no distracting entertainment or soothing influence, they must indeed be in very bad case.

One of the first favourites will be the new volume of Golliwogg history, THE GOLLIWOGG'S "AUTO-GO-CART," by Florence and Bertha Upton (6s., Longmans). As the Golliwogg very truly says: ". . . What we mayn't expect to do. Is not recorded yet." What *is* recorded is a frenzied journey, varied by capture, escape, and a sorrow which, for the moment, droops lids over even the Golliwogg's eyes; the portraits are life-like as ever. Next comes a book of songs, with real music, to tell how to sing them. DOMESTIC DITTIES (2s. 6d., Pearson) is by two Misters Scott Gatty (nursery books are evidently hard to make single-handed). One Mr. Scott Gatty is *the* one who wrote Plantation Songs, so we need not say much more; he always knows what one wants.

Of old friends in new dresses will be found a splendid display, and one of the splendidest is OLD KING COLE'S BOOK OF NURSERY RHYMES (Macmillan); here all the rhymes, which all children *must* know before they leave nursery-days behind, are illustrated in gorgeous colours by Mr. Byam Shaw, and we have no hesitation in saying that ninety-nine children out of a hundred will prefer these pictures to those Mr. Byam Shaw hangs up in the Royal Academy. Next comes GOODY TWO SHOES (4s. 6d., Lane), one of Mr. Walter Crane's real old-fashioned gift-books, with brilliant big pictures and easy big print. "Aladdin and the Yellow Dwarf" keep "Goody Two Shoes" company. Mr. Crane is a most capable purveyor for infants, and his book sheds a real glow. TOM THE PIPER'S SON, illustrated by T. Butler-Stoney (2s. 6d., Allen), pleasantly reminds us of Caldecott's days; old and young dance through the pages with vigour and fine effect. And in PROVERBIAL SAYINGS (3s. 6d., Wells Gardner) Mr. Gordon Browne has pictured his subjects with such skill that meanings may be found in them which never could have been found before.

For those boys and girls who love animals, THE ANIMALS OF ÆSOP, adapted and pictured by J. J. Mora (10s. 6d. net, Sampson Low), will prove a treasure-house. Æsop himself would blink with surprise, we are sure, if he could see their attitudes. And TOPSY TURVY TALES, by S. H. Hamer and H. B. Neilson (1s. 6d., Cassell), will open many eyes to points in animal nature unguessed before.

A special word must be said for THE PAINT-BOX PAINTING BOOK (1s., Dean). In this wonderful shillingsworth are not only

"Unanana . . . took her beautiful children and hurried home." From "The Reign of King Cole." (J. M. Dent and Co.)

pictures for painting, but a dozen paints in a tin box to paint them with, also a palette to mix the paints on, and good advice about not sucking the brush—the brush is here, too. Mr. Dean's productions this year are attractive and varied as ever.

Of Alphabet Books, A NAVAL ALPHABET, by John Hassall (3s. 6d., Sands), shows Jack in many styles and positions, and is calculated to inspire many an embryo sailor. And NONSENSE, NONSENSE! by Walter Jerrold and Charles Robinson (Blackie), is so splendid and vivid in colouring as almost to warm the hands that turn its pages.

A few excellent series of Nursery Books must not be forgotten. THE DUMPY BOOKS have already won their admirers, and THE PINK KNIGHT, by J. R. Monsell, and THE LITTLE PEOPLE: AN ALPHABET, by Henry Mayer and T. W. H. Crosland (1s. 6d. each, Grant Richards), are two very attractive new volumes for little people. There are bigger DUMPY brothers, too, this season, more grown-up, for an extra shilling. THE BAIRN'S BOOKS (2s. 6d. each, Lane) are dainty and tempting; children will be very fond of these pretty volumes, and will tuck them under the pillow at night to be ready for the morning. Nor must we fail to mention THE FAVOURITE NURSERY BOOKS (1s., Warne); they are handy, cheerful, and will bear knocking about.

Lastly, there is PATER'S BOOK OF RHYMES, by a real

"They continued for a time to stare at each other silently." From "Fancy Far-Land." (Chapman and Hall.)

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OLD FRIENDS IN NEW GUISE.

I.—THE POETS.

The season has not produced any number of new illustrated editions of the poets. The general tendency is towards dainty pocket volumes, and of these there is a wonderful variety of charming issues.

The most ambitious and in some way the most successful and striking illustrations we have seen are contained in a new edition of Fitzgerald's OMAR KHAYYAM (5s., De la More Press). Miss McManus's drawings, reproduced very effectively in red, green, and black, are decorative and distinctly Oriental. The general get-up of the volume is most attractive, and altogether this is a new edition which Omarians should not fail to add to their shelves.

Mr. Henry Ospovat's drawings for SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS (Lane) are disappointing when compared with his excellent work in the companion volume of Sonnets issued last year. Some of them, especially that of "The Nightmare and her Nine-fold" and of King Lear, are hauntingly, rather hideously powerful, and the illustration to "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," is delightfully novel, but the pastoral scenes are sadly wanting in lightness and what for want of a better word we must call prettiness. Mr. Ospovat's talent is more powerful than pleasing.

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A sumptuous book is LALLA ROOKH (6s., Warne). The illustrations are the work of a number of prominent American artists, and are uniformly excellent. Special praise must be given to the decorative borders and headpieces. The book contains some of the best half-tone printing we have seen, and the arrangement of the letterpress and pictures is a triumph of printers' and publishers' art.

The new volumes of the Lovers' Library—THE LOVE POEMS OF E. B. BROWNING and THE LOVE POEMS OF BURNS (each 1s. 6d. net cloth, 2s. net leather, Lane)—are sure of a wide welcome. The *format* is very dainty, although we are not sure that we quite like the green ink or the stiff paper. But these books are obviously meant to be ornamental rather than useful, and very ornamental they certainly are. The same may truly be said of the Flowers of Parnassus Series, of which two new volumes, Blake's

Edith Bellenden. From "Old Mortality." (T. Nelson and Sons.)

SONGS OF INNOCENCE, with illustrations by Geraldine Morris, and Tennyson's A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN, with illustrations by Percy Bulcock (each cloth 1s. net, leather 1s. 6d. net, Lane) have just appeared.

Of the World's Classics we have often spoken in highest praise. The volumes are marvels of cheapness and excellence, really the "last word" in reprints. The new volume, THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS (1s. net, Grant Richards), contains over six hundred pages. The type is admirably clear, the paper opaque, and the binding strong and tasteful.

But the pocket volume which has given us most pleasure is certainly the Oxford miniature ROBERT BROWNING (3s. 6d., Henry Frowde). This is a perfect book, the size 32mo, the paper so thin that 815 pages bulk little over half an inch, the whole appearance tasteful and attractive in the extreme. A more acceptable "Christmas Card" than this delightful edition it would be difficult to imagine.

Mention must also be made of a tiny OMAR KHAYYAM (2s. net, Brimley Johnson), bound in parchment with gold decorations, an edition for the waistcoat pocket or the purse; a collection, LIGHT VERSE, with an introduction and notes by Anthony C. Deane, M.A., in the charming Little Library (1s. 6d. net, Methuen); a volume of Mr. Mackenzie Bell's COLLECTED POEMS (3s. 6d. net, Burleigh), containing Spring's Immortality, Pictures of Travel, and some poems not hitherto republished; and a selection of Archbishop Trench's SONNETS (1s., Arrowsmith), "made and designed" by Alice Josephine Romilly. Each page contains a sonnet reproduced in a strange decorative writing with illustrative borders.

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In fiction favour seems to be fairly equally divided between Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott. In addition to the illustrated reprints of famous novels, to which attention is drawn in the Supplement, there are the NEW CENTURY SCOTT (2s. net each vol., Nelson), upon which, and the other India paper edition of Thackeray and Dickens, we have well-nigh exhausted our laudatory adjec-

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These editions are already well known to readers of THE BOOKMAN. We must, however, call particular attention to the new pocket MEREDITH (2s. 6d. net each vol., Diana of the Crossways, Beauchamp's Career, The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, and The Egoist issued, Constable), a boon unspeakable to all bookmen. Messrs. Constable are to be highly congratulated upon the perfect *format* of the volumes, which fulfil every requirement of the most fastidious taste. A word, too, must be said of a handsome new issue of HARRISON AINSWORTH (2s. 6d. each vol., Gibbings), of the long-desired TROLLOPE (1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. net, Doctor Thorne issued, Lane), and of "The Complete Library" edition of CERVANTES (1s. each vol., Gowans and Grey), edited by Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly, the great authority on Spanish Literature, a worthy companion to the Complete Works of Keats in the same series, one of the cheapest and certainly the most scholarly published.

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III.—SOME NEW TRANSLATIONS.

After many years the works of Tolstoy have at last come to their own in this country. The new library edition, of which ANNA KARENIN (2 vols., 12s., Heinemann) has just been published, is in every way worthy of Tolstoy's genius. Mrs. Garnett's translations from the Russian are always distinguished by most careful accuracy and a fine literary flavour. In this new rendering of Tolstoy she has surpassed herself. When you consider the difficulties of such a work and compare it especially with the crude American translation which has, up to the present, done service in this country, you will realise the debt under which Mrs. Garnett has placed the world of letters.

The second new and revised edition of Tolstoy, edited by Mr. Aylmer Maude, is evidently to follow more closely the chronological order of his works. The first volume, SEVASTOPOL, translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude (6s., Grant Richards), can hardly be called an old friend, for, apart from a few isolated sketches, it is almost unknown in this country. It contains, however, some of the most characteristic of Tolstoy's earlier writings, and nothing perhaps in all his work can be compared in power and dramatic intensity with these terrible word-paintings of 1854 and 1855. Special praise must be given to the *format* of Mr. Grant Richards's new issue. It

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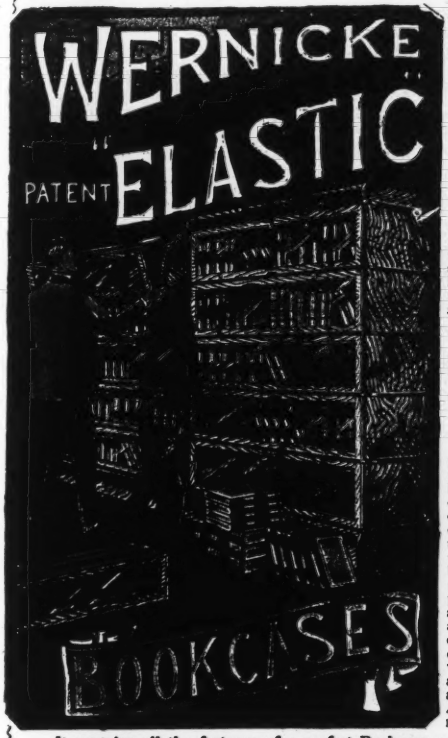

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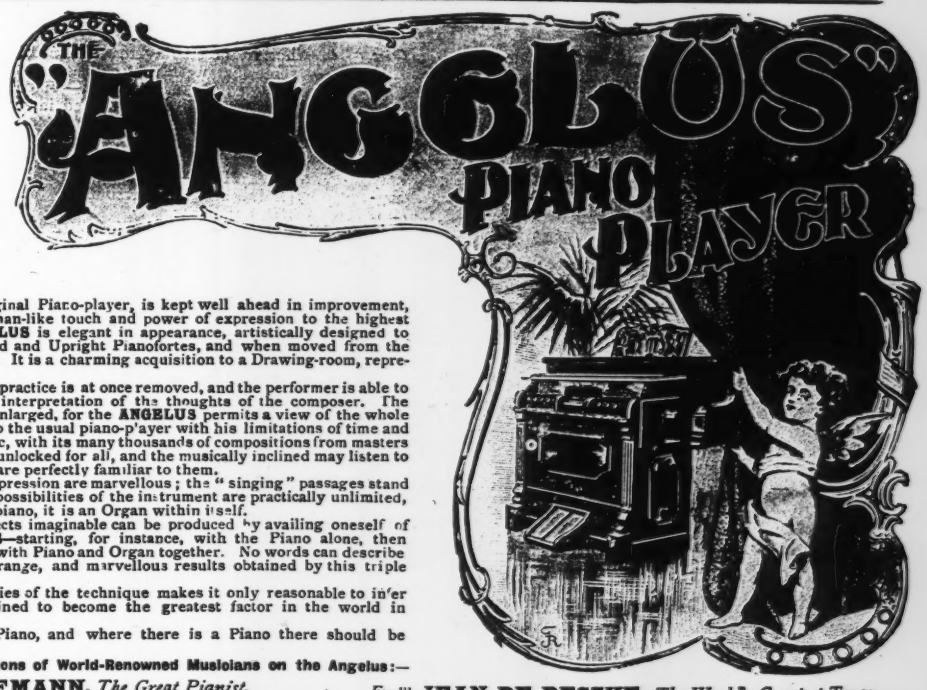

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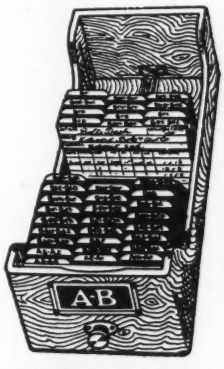

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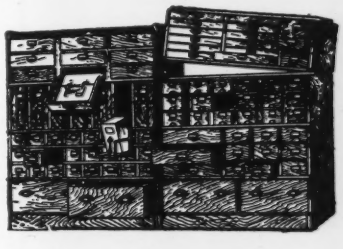

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[*Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted, owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.*]

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Morgan Ancient Society, 1877, 15s. offered.
Symonds' Essays, 2 vols, 10s. offered.
The King and Queen of Hearts, a Child's Book, 1809, Godwin's Juvenile Library, 20s. offered.
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Fraser's The Lennox, 2 vols., 1874, £4 offered.
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Gebir, a Poem, 1798, paper covers, £3 offered.
Blank Verse, by Lloyd and Lamb, 1798, £3 offered.
Carlyle's French Revolution, 3 vols., 1837, 20s. offered.
Cuckold's Chronicle, 2 vols., 1793, £5 offered.
Miseries Human Life, 50 coloured plates, 1808, £4 offered.
Microcosm of London, 3 vols., 1808, £7 offered.
Please report all books with coloured plates published by Ackermann.
Dowell's Taxation, 4 vols., 1888, 20s. offered.
Pater's Studies in History of Renaissance, 1873, 15s. offered.
Symonds' Renaissance of Modern Europe, Scott, 1872, 10s. offered.
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Pater's Marius, 2 vols., 1885, 20s. offered.

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A. J. DARLING, 52, FORE STREET, TROWBRIDGE.

1st Nos. and 1st editions of "The Connoisseur," "The Sphere," "The Tatler," Christmas No. 1900 of "The Bookman," and 13 vols. of "Illustrated London News," bound half calf, from the commencement; all in good condition; what offers?

EDWARD PECK, FEATHERSTONE, NEAR PONTEFRACT.

Offers wanted. 5 copies "Bookman" Christmas number, 1900; 20 copies "Pears' Annual," with plates, 1898; 70 numbers "The Traveller," commencement to date.

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Wilde, O.: The Sphinx, 15s.
Ditto: Portrait of Mr. W. H., 12s. 6d.
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Famous Novelists in the National Portrait Gallery.

MR. BERNARD SHAW has lately been saying that photography is a complete improvement upon manual art, and for the sake of his own amusement let us hope that there are some people who can bring themselves to believe that he thinks so. It is, however, very much by a comparison between portrait painting and photography that the essential qualities of portrait painting can best be seen. The thing which photography produces is a thing that is often called truth. With this absolute truth of things men have no possible concern. They could never discover it, and it would not interest them if they could. To the amateur photographer most probably Mr. Bernard Shaw is a bearded man in an ugly attitude, with the shadow of the bough of a tree coming immediately across his nose. Just in the same way to the chemist Mr. Bernard Shaw is a compilation of gases with Greek names. Nobody sees Mr. Shaw as a pile of gases, and nobody sees him as he is to be seen in a photograph. The self as it impresses another man, the superficial self, as it is called, is the only one of any interest to art or ethics; it is the only one that can fight, or teach, or rule, or curse, or bless. And of this self there are innumerable versions and modifications, one for every human being who looks at us. There are more than a thousand Bernard Shaws in existence, a reflection which is none the less true because it is alarming. Some of these images of Mr. Shaw are accurate and sympathetic, some of them are shallow and fantastic, but none of them so shallow and fantastic as the portrait which is painted by the sun.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.
1689—1761.
Painted in 1750 b, Joseph Highmore.

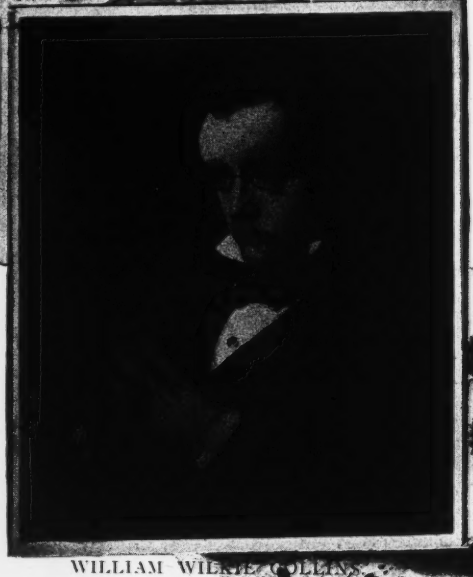
EDWARD GEORGE BARON LYTTON BUL
First Baron Lytton.
1803—1873.
Painted by Henry William Pic

The portraits of the novelists in the National Portrait Gallery offer in a rather subtle way a very good opportunity of testing the nature of portrait painting, because they are, as it were, the portraits of portrait painters Two elements of imitative art are involved, the truth of the novelist to life and the truth of the painter to the novelist. In dealing, for example, with the two portraits of Stevenson in the Gallery we have to deal not only with two impressions of his actual physical appearance, but with two versions of his whole type and spirit. Therefore the sagacity and keenness of the novelist is involved, as well as that of the painter. To the deep and intuitive artist a portrait of Stevenson should not only be a portrait of Stevenson, it should be, as it were, a composite photograph of Long John Silver and David Balfour, of Weir of Hermiston and Prince Florizel of Bohemia, of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

ROBERT LOUIS STE ON.
1850—1894.
Sketch, painted in one sitting r William Blake Richmond, R.C. R.A.

We speak of allegorical art, but all art, without any exception, is allegorical. The only distinction that exists is between two kinds of allegorical art, the lower allegorical art in which certain figures or images represent certain qualities already named and classified, in which faith is called a knight and temptation a dragon, and the higher allegorical art in which certain images express dark beauties that have never been investigated and wild truths that have never been tamed. No portrait painter can paint a complete portrait. Even if he plies his brush and studies his sitter for ten years he can only produce the memorandum of an inspiring glimpse. Like the novelist himself, he can only work through dark and clumsy and only faintly translucent symbols. It may be said that the portrait painter at least copies something which is before him, while the novelist is wholly creative; but the objection is of little value. If novelists did study direct from life, if every one of their figures were a public personage mentioned by name, the twist and colour of their own personalities would remain the same. Of all the innumerable imbecilities that have been uttered about art, surely the most ridiculous is the statement that a man should keep his own personality out of a work of art. We might as well tell him not to touch it with his own paint brush or write it in his own language. Suppose that some well-known man, let us say Mr. Balfour, were treated by five great novelists—by George Meredith, by Emile Zola, by Ouida, by Jacobs, by Anthony Hope—does anyone imagine that the portraits would resemble each other much more than Corèze resembles Vernon Whitford? Can we not fancy the superb Prince Arthur of Ouida blazing with every accomplishment, and the weary Monsieur Balfoure of Zola riddled with every hereditary and patrician weakness? Mr. Meredith's Balfour would be courtly and intellectual, Mr. Anthony Hope's a little more courtly and a little less intellectual, Mr. Jacobs' Balfour is a conception so wild and irreverent that the mind would prefer to dwell upon it in secret, and these fainter differences would be more bewildering and misleading than romantic and realistic caricatures. In short, there would be innumerable Balfours, one for each novelist, and in this we find the kinship between the novelist and the portrait painter complete.

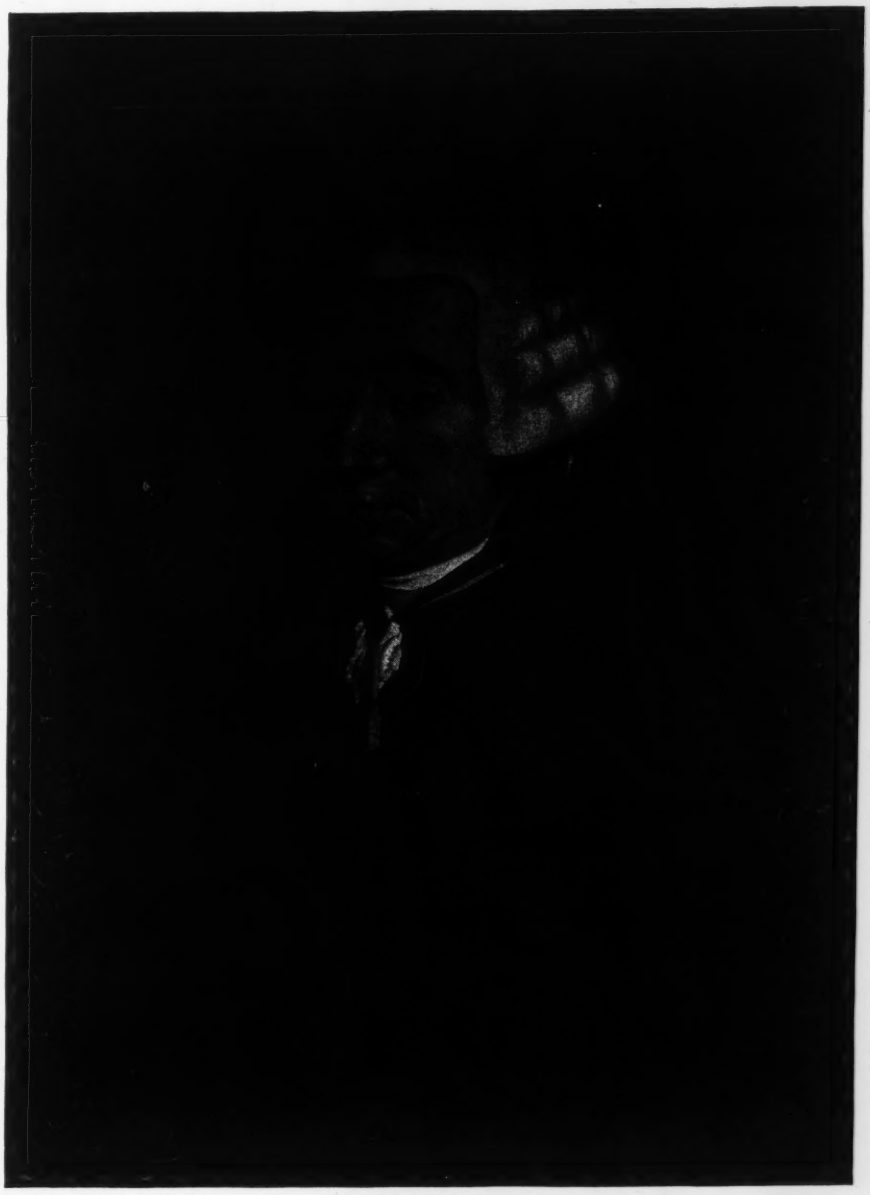
For nothing is more striking when we study the portraits of novelists in the Gallery than the profoundly significant fact that whenever there are two portraits of the same man they might easily, as far as type and spirit go, be two portraits of two different men. Let me take one of the most remarkable examples of this, which is



WILLIAM WILK E COLLIN
1824—188
Painted by Sir John Everett M

also almost the first that comes to hand. There are two portraits of Dickens in the Gallery, one by Maclise, the other by Ary Scheffer. It is no exaggeration to say that these two pictures are subtle and relentless sketches made in the spiritual world of the good and bad angel of Dickens. Maclise's portrait represents a languid, fashionable, and rather underbred young man, with repulsively long hair, looking out of window at the moon. It is a most careful and powerful picture of the refuse of the soul of Dickens; whatsoever things are false, whatsoever things are vulgar, whatsoever things are blatant and selfish, whatsoever things are of evil report in that great and genial spirit, are carefully extracted and perfectly reproduced in this portrait. This is the portrait of the man who wrote the repentance of Dombey and the death of Little Nell, not the man who wrote of Todger's boarding-house and Bob Sawyer's party. When we turn from this sentimental portrait to the Dickens of Ary Scheffer we seem to rediscover a great man. Ary Scheffer's portrait is not especially valuable from an artistic point of view, but it is quite sufficient to remind us of what Dickens really was. A brisk, vivid-looking man is before us, with the open and almost hungry eyes of the natural humourist, and the firm-set, almost insolent mouth and chin which mark the self-made man who is something better than a gentleman. One of the curses of current moral judgment is the idea that a vice destroys not only its own opposing virtue, but also every other virtue that a man can have. It is considered impossible that greatness can co-exist with certain vices, especially with sentimentalism and vulgarity. The second portrait of Dickens reminds us that no defect can destroy a virtue, that a man may be sentimental and vulgar, and at the same time great and brilliant, and magnanimous and inspired. In the first picture we see Dickens as perhaps he saw himself in his vainer and falser moments. In the second we see him as mankind in its truer moments will always behold him.

I take the case of Dickens first because in it we find the most glaring example of the conflicting versions of a man. But, as I have suggested, the differences are almost more perplexing where the standpoint is only slightly altered than when it is obviously distinct. The portrait of Scott by Sir William Allan, for example, gives much the same version of his actual person and physiognomy as that by Sir Edwin Landseer, yet we feel that an element of difference, a personal point of view, has tinged them both. The Scott of Sir William Allan sits with scholarly dignity in a room loaded with the memorials of human history. The sword of Montrose is beside him, the sporran of Rob Roy is above his head. The pistol that hangs upon the wall was once the property of Claverhouse, the vase in the background was a gift from Lord Byron. But in the midst of all these symbols the figure of Scott is impersonal and even shadowy, almost as shadowy as his own last minstrel. Sir William Allan conceives him only as the custodian of the great museum of the past, as a sort of sublimated keeper of an old curiosity shop. But Sir Edwin Landseer, either because he was a sportsman, or because he knew Scotland, or because he shared with Scott many primitive and outdoor virtues, conceives him in a manner startlingly different, as the rude, red-faced, humorous country gentleman, contriving somehow to be at once as crabbed as Oldbuck and as genial as Dandy Dinmont. This is not the "Great Enchanter," as



TOBIAS SMOLLETT.
1721—1771.
Painted at Pisa about 1770 by an Italian artist.

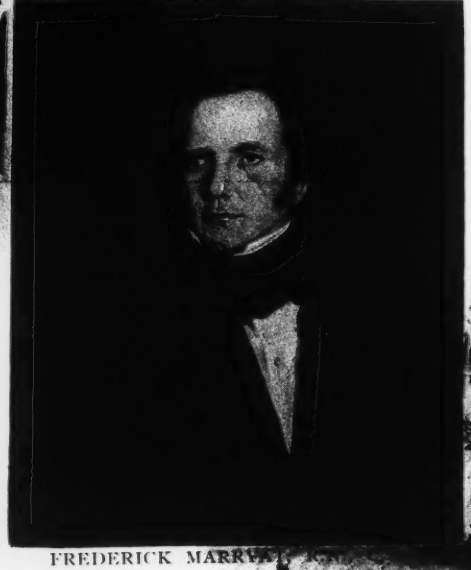
Scott was foolishly called, but the great "Story-teller," the man out of whom the longest and wildest romances flowed as easily and sociably as the anecdote of any old gentleman after dinner. This is the man who was so healthy that horrors and superstitions were his diet, and whose very nightmares were wholesome. Yet in the two pictures the physical details are scarcely different, the white hair, the curious conical head, the bushy eyebrows, the blunt and burly features. The difference is that Sir William Allan depicts Scott as a saint in Gothic art is depicted, by an array of symbols, the pistol, the sporran, and the sword. Sir Edwin Landseer asks no other symbols than the eye, the forehead, and the jaw. Both pictures are allegorical, but the second more profoundly allegorical, since every man's face in the street is a dark and perplexing allegory.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.
1797—1851.
Painted in 1841 *by Richard Rothwell, R.H.A.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.
1771—1832.
In his study at Abbotsford, reading the Proclamation of Mary Queen of Scots [illegible] marriage with Darnley.
Painted in 1832 *by Sir William Allan.*

But perhaps the most patent and interesting of all these examples of dual personality may be found in the case of George Eliot. A lady described as a friend of George Eliot's—Mrs. Charles Bray—drew a sketch of her which is included in the National Portrait Collection. It is drawn entirely in the spirit of early Victorian female portraiture, of which the principle was that if a woman could not be made positively pretty, she must at least be made negatively so. George Eliot was a palpably ugly woman, and her friend the artist did not try to be artistic, but made an heroic effort to be friendly. The only result was that she effected that complete effacement of interest which turns an ugly woman into a plain one. When we turn from this insipid and expurgated version to Sir F. W. Burton's sketch we find that he was at least so far an artist that he realised that ugliness is, in nine cases out of ten, much more worth drawing than beauty. The long powerful jaw, the massive and heavily cut chin, which the lady artist struggles to minimise and conceal, Sir F. W. Burton flings forward in aggressive prominence, and exaggerates in strong and weighty curves. He feels, as all true portrait painters feel, that features seldom become interesting until they break beyond the line of beauty. It would be difficult to find a more vital distinction not only in art, but in ethics and psychology, than between the portrait which exults the fact that George Eliot looked masculine and that which struggles in vain to pretend that she looked feminine. In these two portraits there is the history of a whole revolution which has raged round woman, the conflict between the order which regarded woman as an institution and that which regards her as an individual soul.

Throughout the Gallery we might find innumerable examples of the same thing, the great fact that the various characters given to a man are always different, since they are mixed in some degree with the character of the giver. The rich and almost sombre crimson of Browning's brain doubtless dominates both of his portraits, but the tint is different accordingly as it is mixed with the courtly gold of Mr. Rudolph Lehmann or the abyssmal blue of the spirit of G. F. Watts. In portrait painting men's souls are mixed like paints on a palette, and produce such colours as were never seen in the most sensational sunset. Everywhere we find the traces not only of a different style and handling, but of a different mental conception. The Thackeray of Samuel Laurence is the stately and scholarly gentleman with white hair that recalls the powder of a more mellow and patrician age. The Thackeray of Boehm's statuette is the Bohemian, the lounger, the cynic, his hands thrust in his pockets with insolent



FREDERICK MARRYAT.
1792—1868.
Painted by John Simpson.

unconventionality, his spectacled eyes glaring with the almost ogre-like receptiveness of the omnivorous satirist.

The Stevenson of Sir W. B. Richmond is the long-haired and long-cloaked Stevenson, the wisest of fools, the most companionable of coxcombs, the mystic whose humility it was to make himself ridiculous, the caricaturist who wrought and prepared himself as his own most finished caricature. The picture is so good and so true, as far as it goes, that in gazing at it we can almost believe it complete. But a little pencil sketch hanging in a corner, scrawled by Percy F. S. Spence in Samoa, suddenly recalls to us what continents of Stevenson's character Sir William Richmond had been obliged to ignore in order to obtain that unity, how imperfect he had to be to gain that appearance of perfection. The sketch is small and trifling, and of no extraordinary merit. But here we have the Stevenson whom savage heroes looked up to like a king, the moralist whose ungovernable conscience urged him on the darkest and most insane errands of mercy, the friend of Mataafa, the champion of Father Damien, the man wasted alike with joy and sorrow, who had taken every degree in the schools of agony, and all the roses of whose garland had grown upon a crown of thorns. Here is indeed a contradiction, and yet the great fact stands that in this and all the other cases not only were both versions apparent and natural, but both versions were true. The project of analysing life by logic becomes wilder than any superstition when we consider how every man's peculiar personality comes from the blending not only of divers qualities, but of opposite and inconsistent qualities. Dickens was at once the most robust and the most sickly of authors. Scott was at once a square pile of practical veracities and a Walpurgis night of old wives' fables. Thackeray was at once the most fastidious of scholars and gentlemen and the most open-minded of Bohemians. Stevenson was in every thread of the texture of his soul at once an æsthete and a Puritan. Nature alone can harmoniously mingle opposites, as she mingles the red and green upon an apple.

These considerations must lead us to look with an interest, not unmixed with suspicion, at all the portraits of novelists in the national collection which are placed on the principle of one man, one picture. The admirable portrait of Goldsmith by a pupil of Reynolds, for example, gives a sufficiently vivid impression of the novelist as he appeared in history. The extraordinary projection of the whole of the upper part of the face over the lower, the prominent forehead, the prominent nose, the prominent upper lip, all express the character which common consent gives to Goldsmith, the character of an inspired idiot. He seems to be one of those who conquer by a colossal innocence, who become despotic through being deaf and blind and defenceless. But the spectator taught by previous experience will have his doubts about the completeness of this portrait of Goldsmith. He will wonder darkly whether there has not perished on some rubbish heap another portrait of Goldsmith, which would have let the cat out of the bag, which would have caught that innocent creature in an instantaneous wink, in which at least some wrinkle of the mouth or nostril would have betrayed the internal conviction that he was not such a fool as he looked. He may have laughed at the whole brilliant society which imagined itself to be laughing at him; by consenting to make a fool of himself he may have

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
1728—1774.
Painted by a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

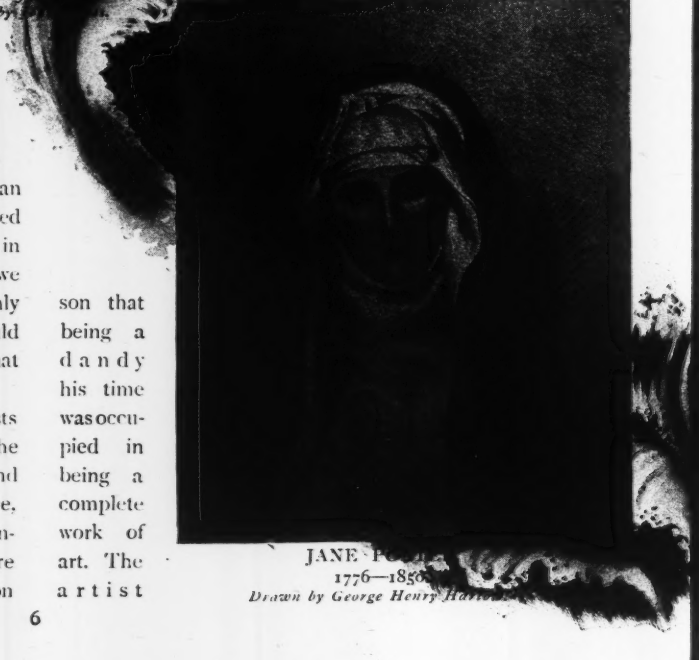
made a fool of the universe. There may be this secret buried with Goldsmith, and the facial record of it may have been thrown into a waste-paper basket with corrected proofs and defaced book-plates. Wilkie Collins may have sometimes looked as he looks in a brisk and curious little sketch by Sir John Millais, but he may not always have looked like it. Occasionally he must have removed the tips of his fingers from each other and ceased to wear an expression of Napoleonic absorption which looks like an imitation of Count Fosco. And the moment that his face changed at a ring at the bell or the arrival of a cup of tea he was another Wilkie Collins, a Wilkie Collins of whom the nation has preserved no record. Captain Marryat, in Mr. John Simpson's picture, looks as if he had suddenly composed his features after telling an irreverent story, and this alone is tantalising. Samuel Richardson, as rendered by Joseph Highmore, looks as if he had composed his features systematically all his life to such an extent that normal human nature might strongly be tempted to discompose them with a brickbat. But here, too, in another form, we have the same feeling, the feeling that we do not know all. In the portrait of Smollett we certainly do not know all. There is a look in his eye which would seem to indicate that he will take particularly good care that we shall not.

ELIZABETH [illegible]
1753—[illegible]
Drawn in 1794 by George [illegible]

MARY RUSSEL[illegible]
1787—185[illegible]
Painted in 1852 by [illegible]

In the case of the portraits of the lady novelists the question is more difficult to decide. In the portraits of Mrs. Shelley, Mrs. Inchbald, Miss Mitford, and Miss Jane Porter, the humanity is, at the first glance, curiously swathed and wrapped in the garments of a conventional elegance. This, in a sense, makes them more interesting, for a more delicate and penetrating perception is needed to see the lines of individuality swell or sink however they are curbed and straitened by a severe academic ideal. The women are clearly treated in a different artistic manner to the men. Each man in these old portraits is a man; but each woman is Woman. Hence at the first glance we feel a certain alienation. We seem, as it were, to be looking at the members of some other race: we think all the women were alike, just as we think all Chinamen are alike. But just as familiarity with a Chinese family would teach us at last that one Chinaman was no more like another than Sir William Harcourt is like Lord Roberts, so a longer study sees in these quaint, quiet little pictures many lines of that secret and almost disquieting humour which through many ages of imposture and misunderstanding has kept the soul of woman alive.

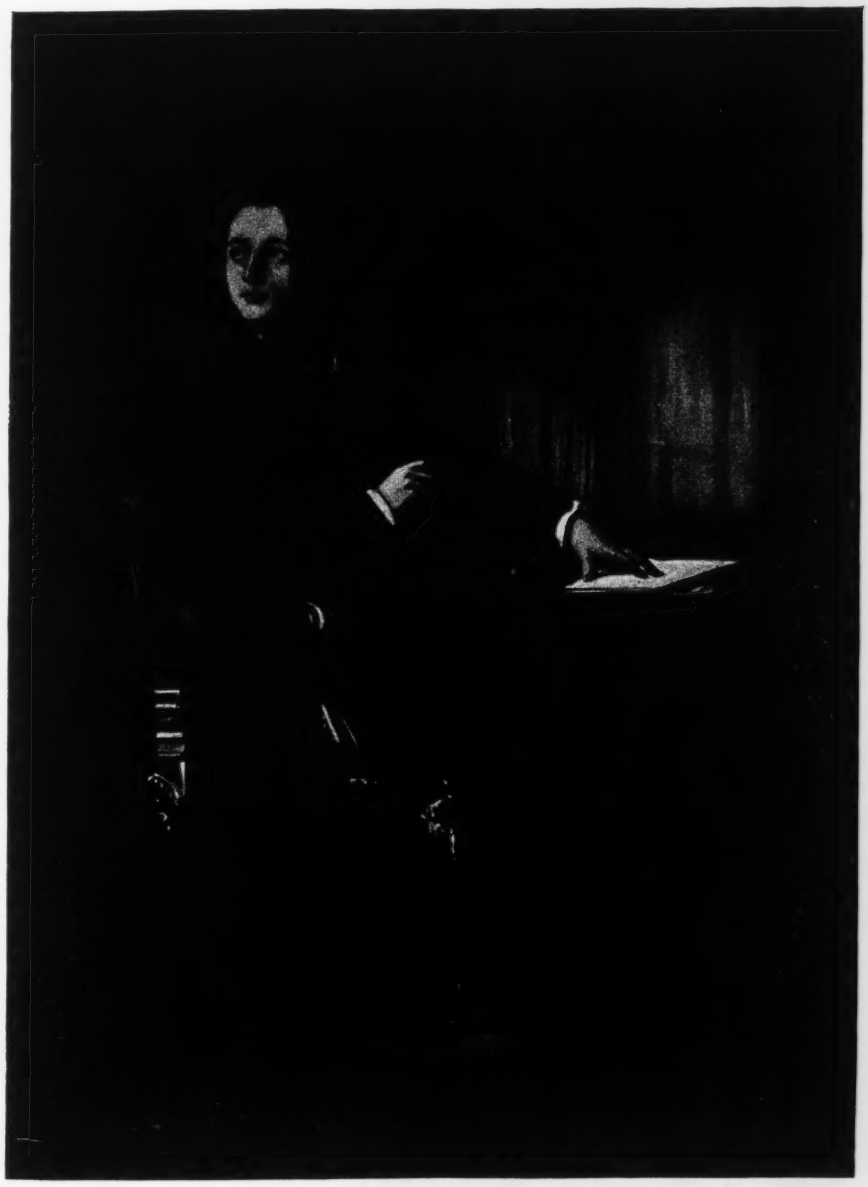
The portraits of Lord Lytton afford another example of the principle, and an example which includes an interesting development of it. The large and serious portrait by Pickersgill does not give us the full flavour of that outrageous and yet impressive personality. It represents Lytton as what he was in no small degree, a serious artist, but it misses one whole aspect of him. It misses the fact that he was something which is many times more serious than an artist, something which is indeed, with the exception of a baby, the most serious thing in the world—a man of fashion. Anyone who has looked honestly at the faces of the heavily-dressed young gentlemen in Bond Street will have noticed that the conduct of an entirely frivolous life appears to require above all things a sanctimonious and deadly gravity. A man like Lytton could not easily be a complete artist for the simple reason that being a dandy his time was occupied in being a complete work of art. The artist



JANE [illegible]
1776—185[illegible]
Drawn by George Henry [illegible]

must be unconscious of himself in order that he may give himself away without any idea that he is parting with anything valuable. Lytton was always giving away little pictures of himself, his true self was never given to him, to say nothing of other people. Consequently, we feel that Pickersgill's portrait sins by its very merits of intellectual dignity and respect. It includes all Lytton's imagination and ability, it misses out exactly that part of a man, that very actual and essential part which can only be found in the caricatures of him.

The other portrait of Lytton is an insignificant water-colour sketch by Chalon. It represents Lord Lytton wearing that remarkable costume which was invented for the use of troubadours some five hundred years after they had ceased to exist—a costume covered with incredible puffs and slashes, and out of the centre of which Lord Lytton is beaming with absolute and undisguised gratification. A single glance at the sketch suggests an illuminating thought. Lord Lytton is obviously so completely at home in this romantic dress that he begins suddenly to bloom and glow like a tropical plant taken out of the air into a hothouse. Would not a great many modern men realise themselves far better for the purposes of the portrait painter, if they could be painted in a dress which is akin to their internal, instead of to their external life? If Stevenson had been painted as a pirate, or Dickens as an ostler, they would have fallen naturally into a pose or attitude which would have been as transfiguring and explanatory as a whole page of criticism. Björnsen would be depicted as a Viking, Mr. W. B. Yeats as an ancient Gaelic minstrel, Mr. Bernard Shaw in the costume of a consistent and insane republic which will exist some centuries hence. If we did this we should often surprise men into sincerity. We call the garb of our civilisation an ornament, quite as often it is merely a disguise. Like prisoners we are locked into frock coats and screwed into top-hats. We have every sort of treasonable happiness and fantasy in our hearts, we yearn for more coloured hopes and more heroic expedients, but we all wear the black funeral hat and cloak like the conspirators in a comic opera. So it was assuredly with a man like Lytton. A fop he was indeed, and more than three parts a humbug. But his humbug consisted not in pretending that he was a romantic, but in pretending that he was a man of the world. It was not his posturing, his poetry, his taste for the stars and for fancy dress that was artificial. The world always thinks a man of his type lying and affected at the precise moment when he is sincere.



CHARLES DICKENS.
1812—1870.
Painted in 1839 by Daniel Maclise, R.A.

Portrait painting, therefore, particularly when taken in conjunction with several portraits of the same man, does appear to me not only to be true, but to tell truths that cannot be told in any other medium. This, indeed, is the characteristic and the justification of every form of art. There are hopes unwritten in any prophecy which can only be uttered by blowing wind through a row of perforated pipes. There are virtues unchronicled of any saint which only exist in sepia and chrome yellow. All art tells not only truth, but new truth, no art so much as portrait painting, no portrait painting so much as the portrait painting of the literary portrait painters. But one essential condition and warning must be mentioned. No truth will be achieved in portrait painting if portrait painters believe in that evil conception which may ruin the arts as it has ruined so much philosophy, the conception of the "search after truth." Truth is not an intellectual secret, the answer to a crypto-

gram. Truth is a moral state, and if the artist is in that state he will see the truth about a man, so far as he can ever see it, the first moment that he looks at him. He will see it without thinking about the matter, by essential rectitude and simplicity, by the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. But if the painter, or the novelist, or the philosopher, fall into the idea that truth is a thing to be sought for, instead of a thing to be kept pure, if they fancy that they can discover a man's character by transcribing conversations or listening at keyholes, or copying carpet patterns, or that they can find the purposes of the universe by splitting a smaller seed or a tinier animalcule, then they fall into the great fallacy of realism which runs from one end of history to the other, and is called "the search after truth."

MARY ANN CROSS ("GEORGE ELIOT").
1819—1880.
Drawn in 1865 by Sir Frederick W. Burton, R.H.A. Reproduced from an etching by permission of W. R. Deighton.

The more, therefore, that we consider such portraits the more we come back to the conviction that portrait painting and novel writing are alike in that they are the very hastiest and most conventional sketches of the most continuous and the most mutable scenes. Fiction presents a momentary picture of a society that is more unresting than the sea. Portrait painting gives us an instantaneous photograph of a man who is never the same man for two minutes together. But the aim of both is to make the picture a sufficient symbol of the truths behind. Both can only work by visible forms, and yet the concern of both is with the invisible, and with the invisible alone. It is strange that men should have attempted to separate art from the spiritual element in life when if it were not for the spiritual element art itself would suddenly fall to pieces. If there were no great laws driving these objects to and fro their antics would be more uninteresting than any whirl of dust in a deserted room. A portrait is of no interest in itself. Why should anybody be interested in a handful of dead hairs screwed into a moustache? or an ugly peninsula of bone and cartilage that is called a nose? Interest in such things would be no more intelligent than interest in so much mud or old iron. The value of these things is that they are the proclamations, the vague and distorted proclamations of the presence of a man. In all the chronicles of earthly history no one has ever seen a man; the nose and the moustache are not a man, they are merely the signals that there is a man someway behind. In the centre of all sits the soul, still virgin after a thousand centuries of coarse definition and discussion. Even the most shining and transparent faces do injustice to the spirit which they are sent forth to declare. Even the living eyes, the most central and sacred objects in creation, are only two coloured railway signals set up to announce that a great spiritual locomotive is roaring upon its road.

G. K. CHESTERTON.